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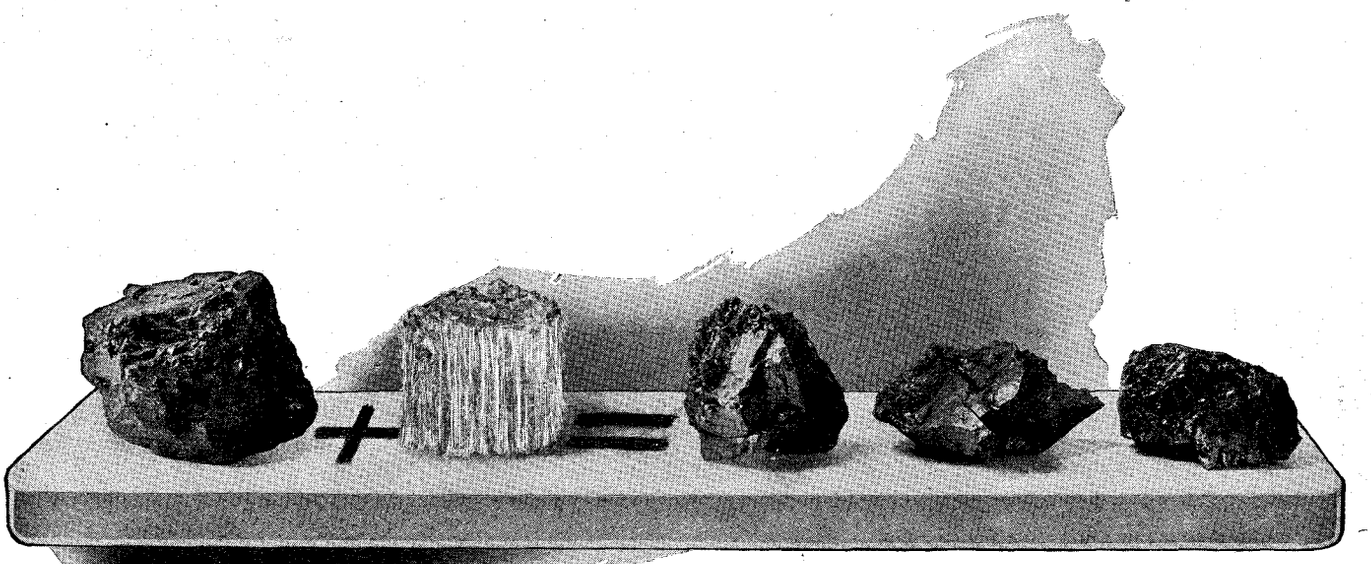

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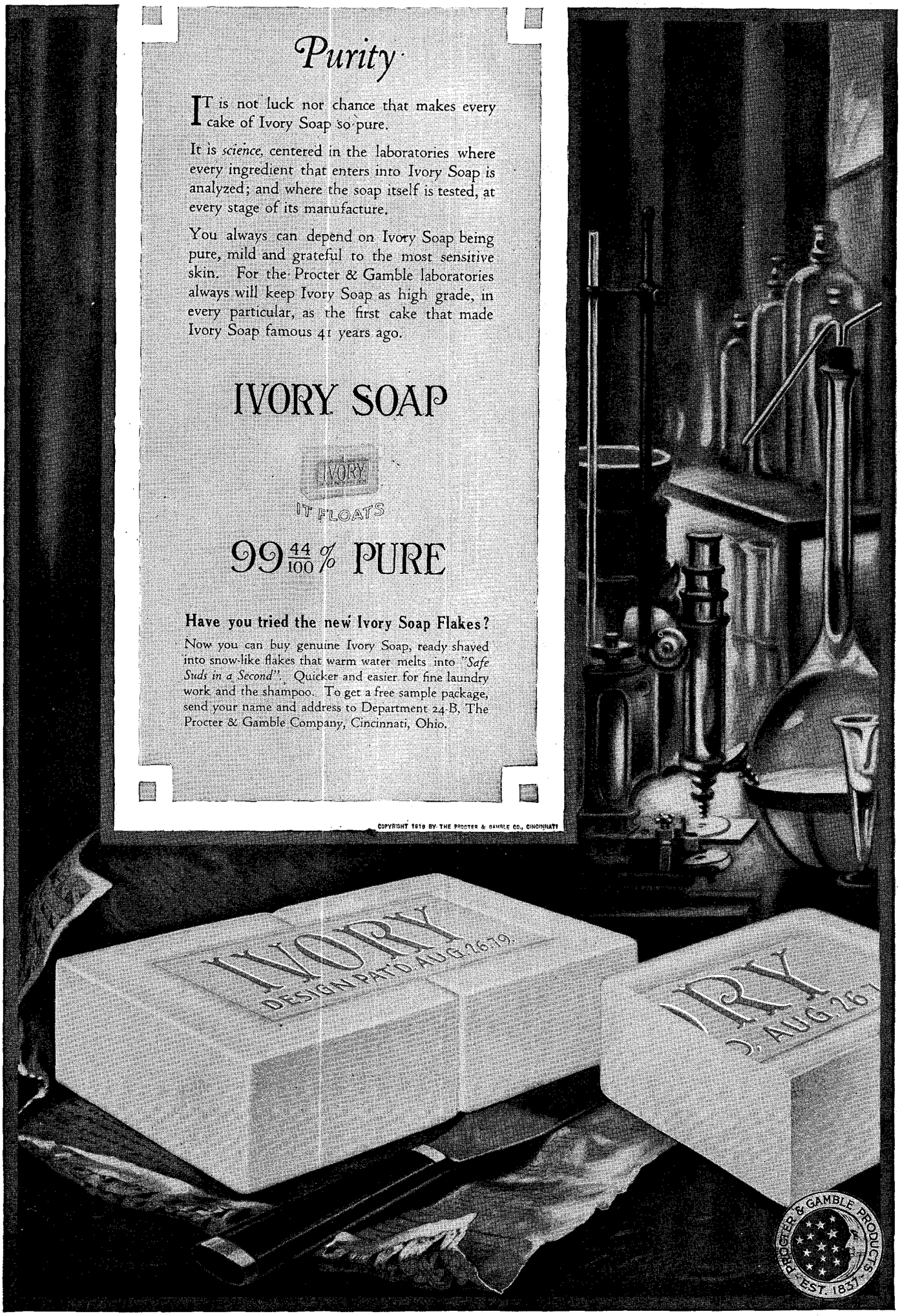

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The Outlook

JANUARY 28, 1920

THE KAISER AT THE BAR

WHETHER Holland does or does not accede to the demand of the Allies through the Supreme Council that the Kaiser be delivered to them for trial, the demand itself puts him on trial before the bar of history. The communication is admirable in its restraint and dignity as well as its incisiveness.

The demand—and that word is the one used in the document—is not based on technical or formal points: it puts before Holland the declaration that she "will not fulfill her international duty" if she refuses, and it arraigns William II for "a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties."

The recital of the crimes thus described abstains from pettiness or rhetoric and is direct and scathing. It mentions as among these many crimes "the cynical violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg, the barbarous and pitiless system of hostages, deportations *en masse*, the carrying off of young girls from the city of Lille, who were torn from their families and delivered defenseless to the worst promiscuity; the systematic devastation of entire regions without military utility; the submarine war without restriction, including inhuman abandonment of victims on the high seas; and innumerable acts against noncombatants committed by German authority in violation of the laws of war."

Finally, as to the Kaiser's personal responsibility, a broad declaration of principle is put forward: "Responsibility, at least moral, for all these acts reaches up to the supreme head who ordered them, or made abusive use of his full powers to infringe, or to allow infringement, upon the most sacred regulations of human conscience."

The indictment is sound in reason and morals. If the Kaiser escapes punishment through cowardly desertion of his post, an international tribunal even in his absence may well examine the evidence and brand his guilt in a permanent form.

PRESIDENT DESCHANEL

PAUL DESCHANEL is the President-elect of France. He has long been both perennial President of the French Chamber of Deputies and candidate for the Presidency. He is sixty-three years old and was born in Brussels at the time of the exile in Belgium of his father, Émile Deschanel (Senator and Professor at the Collège de France), because of opposition to Napoleon III.

In 1885 Paul Deschanel was elected to the Chamber of Deputies; nine years later he became Vice-President of that body, and in 1902 President. His terms of office have been distinguished by the tact with which he has been able to win the regard and even the sympathy of members irrespective of party. He is also a member of the French Academy. He has written several books on social and political subjects. But his greatest

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PAUL DESCHANEL

distinction is his oratory; he is one of the most brilliant speakers of France.

His principal contestant for the Presidency in this year's election was Georges Clemenceau. At first thought it may seem strange that Clemenceau should have had any rival at all, for the people of France, like the peoples outside of France, expected that the Senators and Deputies would not withhold the highest honor in their gift from a statesman who had organized the nation for victory. It seemed incredible that the Presidency could go to any one but Clemenceau.

To the general surprise, however, the caucus vote of the Senators and Deputies resulted in no less than 408 for Deschanel and only 389 for Clemenceau. Doubtless personal antagonism and petulance, added to the entire Socialist and "defeatist" strength, played some part in this unexpected decision, but there were other factors which we discuss in an editorial elsewhere in this issue. M. Clemenceau instantly withdrew his candidacy, which, indeed, he had formally announced only the day before.

The contest between Clemenceau and Deschanel recalls the fact that they have already met on another field. That was twenty-six years ago. Clemenceau had written an article in his paper criticising Deschanel for an interpellation made in the Chamber of Deputies, and Deschanel, offended by the terms of the article, sent his seconds to Clemenceau. The men fought a duel with swords. Clemenceau gave Deschanel a wound over the eye which was so severe that the seconds would not permit the duel to continue.

AN EPOCH-MAKING EVENT

ON January 16 the League of Nations became a reality. Its first meeting occurred in the famous Clock Room of the French Foreign Office, which, as all visitors know, occupies a beautiful palace overlooking the River Seine. A few men gathered about the green-covered table at one end of the Clock Room, which is decorated in crimson and gold. Over a hundred other diplomats, representing the nations of the world, looked on. At the table there was an empty chair—America's.

Last spring in Paris, when the League of Nations was being planned, it was expected that President Wilson, foremost in his plans for a League, would be the presiding officer of its Executive Council. But America has not yet adhered to the charter of the League of Nations, and so the honor of delivering the opening address at the first meeting of the Council fell to Léon Bourgeois, President of the French Senate, who was elected permanent Chairman of the Council. M. Bourgeois noted the immediate tasks before the League of Nations—to carry out several of the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, to provide international organizations for the regulation of social and economic life, and, in especial, to regulate labor conditions. In attempting these and all other tasks the French statesman declared: "With eyes fixed on the distant future, but with our feet on the solid ground of political and social relations, we will create a world in which this

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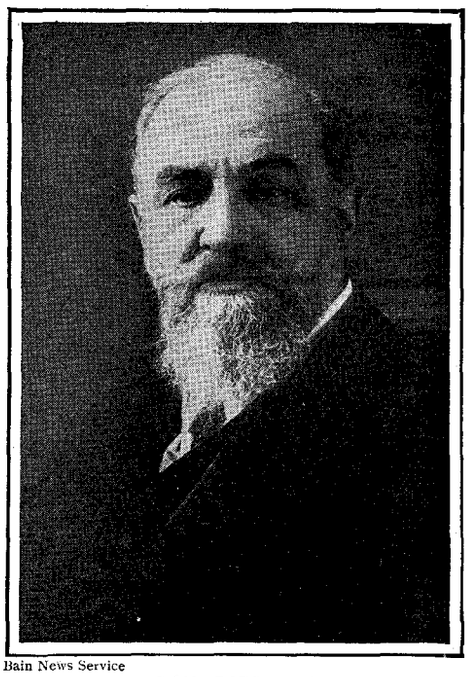

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LÉON BOURGEOIS

League can develop a spirit of justice and a desire for peace."

M. Bourgeois was followed by Earl Curzon, the British Foreign Minister, and others.

The business of the first meeting of the Council consisted of two resolutions: one to appoint the Sarre Commission and one to fix the next meeting-place of the Council. London was decided upon, at a date to be determined later.

Organization of the entire League will of course not be complete until the Assembly of all the consenting States comes together. An early meeting of the Council was necessary, however, under the terms of the Peace Treaty and the League Covenant with Germany, ratified on January 10, and hence on that date it was decided that the first meeting of the League of Nations should be held six days later.

According to present plans the sessions of the Council may be of an itinerant nature, taking place at times in Paris, London, or Brussels, until the seat of the League is definitely fixed at Geneva. Article VII of the Covenant of the League of Nations, however, says that while the seat of the League of Nations is established at Geneva, the Council may at any time decide that the seat of the League may be established elsewhere.

The first meeting of the Assembly, however, and the first meeting of the Council, which, according to Article V of the Versailles Treaty, are to take place at the call of the President of the United States, were not designated for any special place. America's abstention from it thus far prevented the President from having his representative among the men who sat about the green-covered table the other day.

RUSSIA AND INDIA

THE conjunction of the names Poland and India is not common, but it may become so. Already the New York "Times" says: "The loss of Poland might be a greater disaster for England and the world than [the loss of India." The occasion for this remark was, first, the Bolshevist success in conquering the law-and-order forces in Russia represented by the armies under Kolchak Denikine, and Yudenitch; second, Bolshevist penetration to the Black and Caspian Seas; third, Bolshevist penetration into the anti-Bolshevist republics of Georgia and Azerbaijan (or, Transcaucasia and, across its southern boundary, the adjoining Persian teritory), which are now pleading at Paris for protection; fourth, Bolshevist penetration across Transcaspia into Russian Turkestan, where the infamous Enver Pasha is trying to enlist for the Bolshevists a pan-Turanian movement; finally, Bolshevist penetration into Afghanistan. Thus the borders of India are threatened.

In all these countries German and Turkish agents have been sedulously cultivating distrust of the Entente Allies.

At a moment when the American Government has announced the withdrawal of its troops from Siberia, the menace to the countries bordering Russia proper to the east, to the south, and especially to the west, is greater than ever. The way is open for the invasion of eastern Siberia, India, Persia, and, above all, of Poland. For Poland, as we declare in an editorial on another page, may become the storm center of Europe.

It must be saved from a strangling to death by pincers pressed on the one hand by the Bolshevists and on the other by the Germans. With characteristic prevision, Marshal Foch has already suggested the establishment of a *cor militaire*, to be composed of the fo of the Baltic States, Poland, Czechc vakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, all un French command—his own, we h But this proposal, which has been deb by the Paris Peace Conference, was jected, we learn, because of the refusa the only power which could successfu finance it—America.

PILSUDSKI AND CONDITIONS IN POLAND

YEARS ago, a Polish authority info us, General Pilsudski was a ban and was prominent in the troubles 1905. A Socialist, but with influe over the Polish troops, his moveme we are told, were favored and furthe by Germany. In return he has not, learn, pushed Polish independence a supremacy in former German territ as vigorously as has Paderewski.

Mr. Paderewski has especially resen the cruel rumors spread abroad by enemies of Poland of the wholesale killi of Jews in that country. Months ago papers reported "thousands" of Je slain there. At Mr. Paderewski's requ Secretary Lansing appointed a comm sion, consisting of Henry Morgenth the distinguished Hebrew diplomat, G eral Jadwin, and Mr. Homer Johnson, investigate these rumors. The Comm sion remained in Poland for two mont traveling by automobile more than twen five thousand miles, and making a perso investigation in every town where a Jewish outbreaks had been reported. discovers that 252 Jews had been kil and many more Gentiles. The Jews w killed either by uncontrolled troops or local mobs. The acts were apparen not premeditated, for if they had b

From a photograph made in Warsaw

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, UNTIL RECENTLY PREMIER OF POLAND

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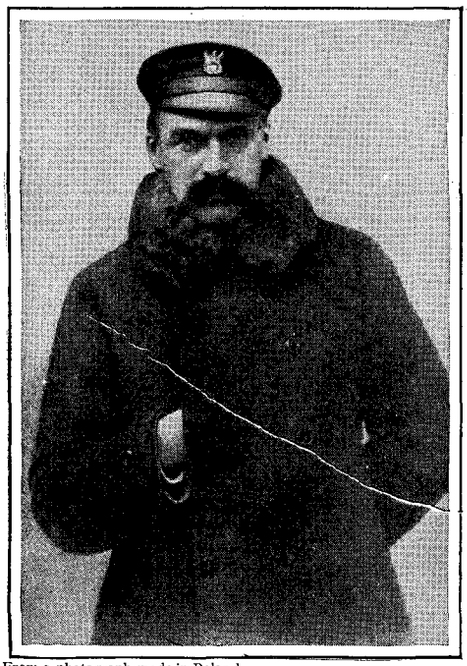

From a photograph made in Poland

GENERAL JOZEF PILSUDSKI
PRESIDENT OF POLAND

part of a preconceived plan the number killed would have run into the thousands.

Madame Paderewski's work in Poland has been as unremitting as has been her husband's. She is the head both of the White and Red Cross, and has effectively aided the beneficent mission of relief headed by Herbert Hoover. After Mr. Hoover arrived in Warsaw he said to the Prime Minister, "Mr. Paderewski, I owe you money." It seems that, years ago, two boys out in San José, California, wanted Paderewski to give a concert there and wrote to him about it. He replied that he could not come except for a guaranty of $2,000. The confident boys promised it, but, on the evening of the concert, were aghast to discover that their receipts amounted to far less than that sum. They frankly told Paderewski about it, and he indulgently said, "Take your expenses out of what you have received, then take ten per cent for yourselves, and give me the rest." There was little "rest," and this is what Mr. Hoover meant by his remark—for he was one of the two boys.

PADEREWSKI THE PATRIOT

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, who has now resigned as Prime Minister of Poland, has not touched the piano for more than two years. His fingers have had other work to do. They throttled, for example, the neck of a man found in the Premier's apartment one night. With one hand the assassin presented a paper to Paderewski; with the other a pistol. On the paper was written Paderewski's abdication as Prime Minister. "Sign that," said the villain, "or you are a dead man." Paderewski grappled with his visitor and held him until help arrived. To-day that visitor is Paderewski's firmest friend. For, with the unsettled state of the country, the patriot had not haled the man to court.

Physically, mentally, and morally, Paderewski is a towering figure. When, at the beginning of the war, he commenced his work of recruiting Polish troops here and getting American aid for his country, our people looked at these activities as praiseworthy detachments from his real work in life as pianist and composer. America had yet to learn that, before everything, Paderewski is a Pole and a patriot. They were even amused at his setting sail for Poland to help in the effort to bring some law and order into that chaotic land; they supposed him quite too unpractical; indeed, we heard a great deal about the artistic temperament which never gets down to "the real facts of life." So, when the news reached America that Paderewski had become a part of the Polish Government, and actually Prime Minister, it took one's breath away. We heard, "Why, he never yet kept an engagement. What a man to choose!"

To cap this we heard that he was going as ambassador to define the claims of his country before the Paris Peace Conference! But he has justified his premiership and his ambassadorship. Even more than to Pilsudski, President of Poland, that country, it is said, owes to him the increase of her army from 1,056 men to a million in the active and half a million in the reserve force. As to the Conference, certainly more than to any other man Poland owes to him its sanction regarding her boundaries. His persuasive eloquence has elicited high praise from the conferees; among others, from Mr. Polk, who lately returned from Europe at the head of the American delegation.

Now that the Conference is practically a thing of the past and Poland has got all that Paderewski could get there, Pilsudski drops him. But Paderewski would not resign except with a guaranty that he would be succeeded by men whom he had trained, men in sympathy with his views. So we now have Skulski as Premier at Warsaw and Padek as representative in Paris.

ADMIRAL SIMS AND THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

ADMIRAL SIMS'S controversy with Secretary Daniels, which began over the award of medals to officers who, in Admiral Sims's opinion, were not entitled to them, has broadened in scope and reached serious proportions. Testifying before a Senate Committee, Admiral Sims declared that "the Navy Department, during the first six months of the war, failed to put into actual practice a whole-hearted policy of co-operation with the Allies—a policy required for the winning of the war with the least possible delay."

After such a policy had been academically adopted, Admiral Sims says:

> For ten months after its receipt I was still urgently recommending an increase of forces—still trying to convince the Department that the war was in the eastern Atlantic, that the United States naval front was off the European coast and not off the United States coast; that it was there only that the naval enemy was operating; that it was there only that the United States shipping, let alone Allied shipping, could be protected with the maximum efficiency.

According to press reports:

> The Admiral charged that on the eve of his leaving for Europe to command the American naval forces in the war area oral instructions were given him "not to let the British pull the wool over your eyes;" to keep in mind that it was no business of ours to pull chestnuts out of the fire for the British, and that "we would just as soon fight the British as the Germans."

Admiral Sims continued with a detailed list of incidents which, if proven correct, show that the Navy Department, at the very least, failed to grasp the exigency of the European situation. Important requests from our Admiral in the war zone did not even receive a reply from the Navy Department. Admiral Sims stated, too, that the Navy Department declined to supply him for several months with even the staff required by a commander of a destroyer flotilla in time of peace. Admiral Sims's complaints against the Navy Department, contained in the memorandum presented to the Senate Committee, are of such extended length that it is impossible to cover them adequately here. They are summed up, however, in the comment which Admiral Sims makes upon the following quotation from Mahan's "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History:"

> To interfere with the commander in the field or afloat is one of the most common temptations of the Government—and is generally disastrous.

Admiral Sims's comment upon this quotation is as follows:

> The Navy Department did not resist this temptation, and its frequent violation of this principle was the most dangerous error committed during the naval war.

Secretary Daniels, in reply to Admiral Sims's testimony, sent to the Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate a letter in which he says:

> At the proper time and in the proper way any fair-minded investigator will be convinced that the allegations reflecting upon the vigorous, effective, and successful prosecution of the war, so far as the Navy Department and the entire Navy are concerned, are based upon opinions which are without justification.

Is it possible that the Secretary in this letter refers to a court martial? For in a

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later statement he added: "Rear-Admiral Sims will have to justify his charges, and I will see to it that the proper tribunal is provided before which he may do that."

THE SOCIALISTS AND THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY

THE suspension of five members of the New York State Assembly on the ground that they were members of the Socialist Party, a party which, it is alleged by Speaker Sweet, has adhered to the principles of the revolutionary forces of Soviet Russia, continues to agitate the political atmosphere of New York State. The suspension of these five men probably will become one of the celebrated precedents in American political history. On the eve of the hearing before the Assembly Judiciary Committee, which will determine whether or not these five suspended members shall take their seats, the problem involved seems to have resolved itself into two broad questions:

(1) Can a party exist, membership in which should preclude the right to sit in a legislature of a democratic government?

(2) Granting that parties may exist, adherence to which should preclude membership in a legislative body, is the American Socialist Party to be so classified?

If the first question is answered in the negative, of course no argument exists for the exclusion of the five Socialist members from the New York State Assembly. To answer this question in the affirmative undoubtedly opens up dangerous possibilities for the destruction of democratic government. It would seem that the line to be drawn between permissible and non-permissible parties must be laid down, if laid down at all, on a basis which involves directly the personal culpability of their members.

In India, for instance, there existed for many centuries, until it was stamped out by the British Government, the cult of thuggee, a cult dedicated to the murder of travelers as a religious rite. Every thug was by his adherence to the cult of thuggee not only a potential but an actual murderer. It is certainly reasonable to believe that if India had possessed a legislative body at the time at which this cult flourished, this legislative body would have had the right to exclude from its midst adherents to a cult dedicated to murder.

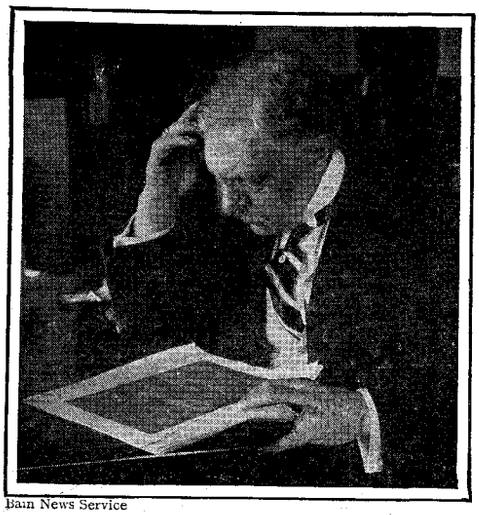
Certainly adherence to the Socialist Party involves no such direct personal responsibility for crime. Even if the Socialist Party programme were classed as criminal it is entirely possible that a man might run for office on a Socialist ticket and still hold himself free from complete adherence to his party programme. The theoretical power of the Socialist Party to control its representatives in public office has probably been of no greater effectiveness than the unacknowledged power of many Republican and Democratic bosses to control the representatives of their parties who happen to sit in legislative chambers.

(C) Underwood & Underwood

A SOCIALIST ASSEMBLYMAN ADDRESSING A MEETING OF PROTEST IN NEW YORK CITY

REGINALD DE KOVEN

AMONG the light operas that have outlasted the public for which they were created there is at least one that is definitely American. It is as the composer of that light opera, "Robin Hood," that Reginald De Koven, who died suddenly the other day in Chicago, was



Bain News Service

REGINALD DE KOVEN

chiefly known. His other works for the operatic stage have not achieved the lasting success of this one. Some of them, like the "Fencing Master," gained considerable vogue; but they were all overshadowed by "Robin Hood" as a popular favorite.

Whatever may be said about De Koven's musicianship, there is no doubt that he had, what is rarer, a gift for melody with a sense for harmonic color. It has been said of him that in his compositions he was often "reminiscent," that is, that his melodies frequently reminded hearers of other compositions. Nothing is easier than to allege the likeness of a musical theme to some earlier composition. The wonder is not that there are so many resemblances in music, but that of the innumerable host of musical compositions created out of the twelve notes in the tempered scale so few resemble each other. Most composers would be glad to sacrifice such originality as can be ascribed to music that reminds one of no music that has ever been produced before, if they could be endowed with that originality that makes some music remain in the memory of its hearers. In this sense at least Reginald De Koven's "Robin Hood" was distinctly original.

Though De Koven's music was not at all in spirit or character like that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, it appealed to the same taste which welcomed the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas when they were produced and which welcomes them today.

His works for the operatic stage reached the number of twenty-five. Most of these were light operas, such as "Begum" (his first), "Rob Roy," "The Knickerbockers," "Foxy Quiller," "The Mandarin," "The Wedding Trip," and "Her Little Highness." In 1917 his grand opera "The Canterbury Pilgrims," for which Percy Mackaye wrote the libretto, was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, but did not gain the success of the light

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

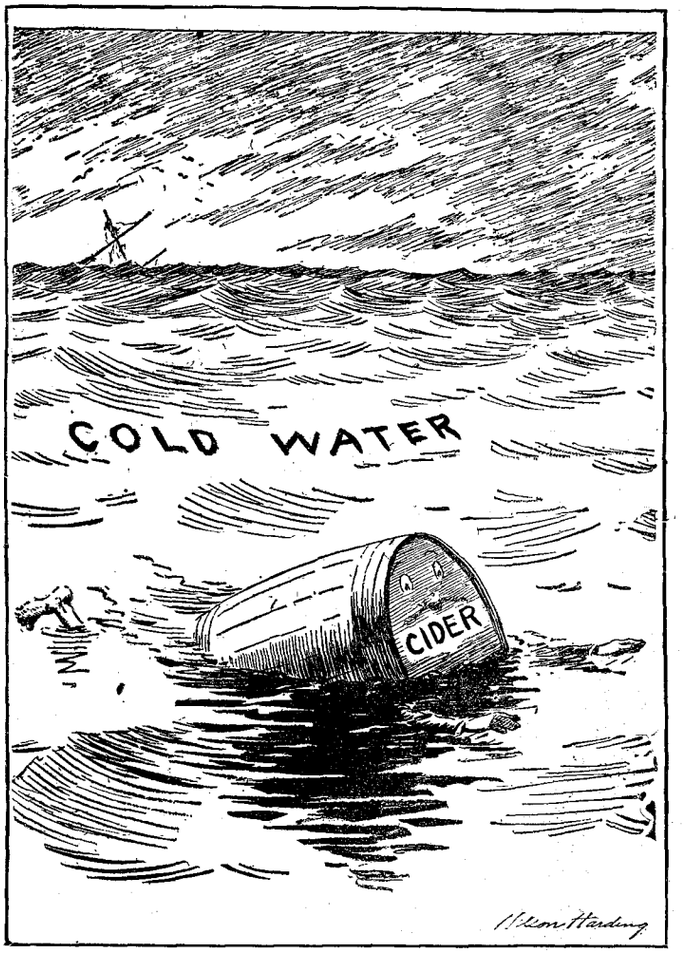
Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle

TOADSTOOLS OR MUSHROOMS?

Greene in the New York Evening Telegram

THE CAT WITH THE NINE LIVES

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

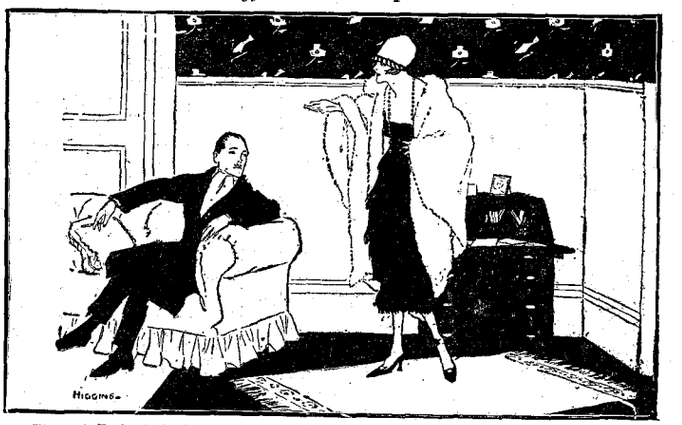


SOLE SURVIVOR FROM THE WRECK OF THE "JOHN BARLEYCORN"

Beale in Blighty (London)

The Gentleman: "Yes, he's a jolly little dog, but our rooms are so small, y'know; haven't you got a dog that wags his tail up and down?"

Higgins in London Opinion



She: "It isn't half a bad part—I speak twice in the first act, and in Act 3 I suppress a smile."

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operas which De Koven had written. At the time of his death Mr. De Koven had just finished and was superintending the production of another opera for the grand opera stage, "Rip Van Winkle."

A native of Middletown, Connecticut, he received his musical education chiefly abroad. He was a graduate of Oxford University, and for several years studied music in Germany, Austria, Italy, and France. Besides being a composer, he wrote articles on music, serving for a time as musical critic on the New York "World" and "Harper's Weekly." He was not quite fifty-nine when he died.

TWO BENEFACTORS OF BOSTON "TECH"

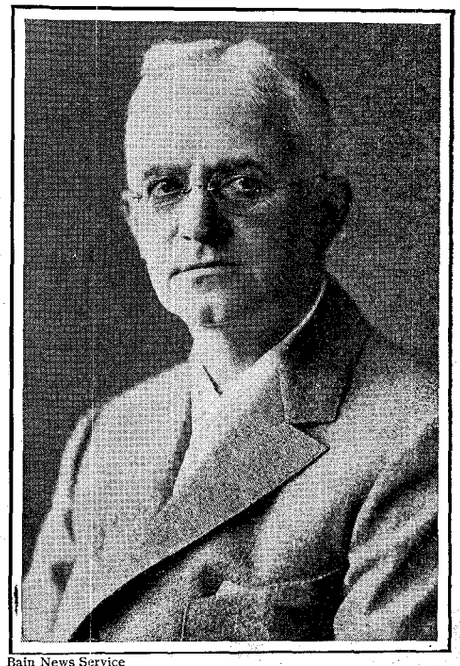
THE two men whose portraits appear herewith have been jointly, and perhaps almost equally, responsible for the remarkable growth and development in late years of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, familiarly called the Boston "Tech."

Dr. Richard C. MacLaurin, the President of the Institute, died on January 15 after a sudden attack of pneumonia, and while he was at the very height of his usefulness. From his early days the extension of technical education was his ambition and the object of his effort. It was due to his exertions and his remarkable executive ability that the Institute under his presidency has made such notable steps forward in reputation and efficiency. Dr. MacLaurin just before his death had carried to complete success a campaign for establishing a solid financial basis for the Institute.

In connection with the raising of this great endowment fund it was announced at a jubilee alumni dinner, held in New York City just before Dr. MacLaurin's death, that the donor of exceedingly large sums of money given to the Institute from time to time in the past under the mysterious name of "Mr. Smith" was, in fact, Mr. George Eastman, of Rochester, known the world over as the manufacturer of the kodak, and sometimes called the "Kodak King." Altogether Mr. Eastman's donations to the Institute within the last eight years, and including the very considerable sum given to the present campaign, amount to $11,000,000, a contribution extraordinary in amount and certain to be used to the fullest advantage. In the recent "drive" for a $4,000,000 endowment fund, Mr. Eastman promised to give a second sum of $4,000,000 the minute the first sum was raised, and promptly carried out the promise.

(C) Bachrach

RICHARD C. MACLAURIN



Bain News Service

GEORGE EASTMAN

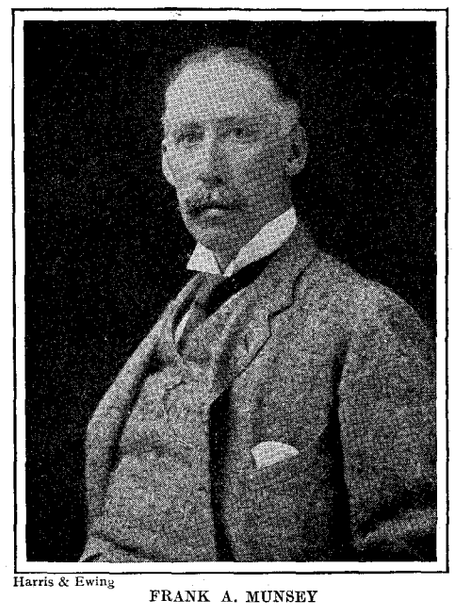
Few educational institutions have a more loyal or devoted body of alumni than Boston "Tech." The Institute is to be congratulated upon the public recognition of its achievement and upon having high on its honor roll the names of Richard MacLaurin and George Eastman.

THE NEW YORK "HERALD" CHANGES HANDS

THE purchase of the New York "Herald" by Mr. Frank A. Munsey, who already controlled the New York "Sun," is not only an important event in the world of journalism, but is of novel interest in that, for what we believe is the first time, two great New York morning papers which are theoretically rivals are to be published independently by the same owner. The natural inference is that they will probably be conducted on different lines and appeal to different audiences. The surmise is made that the "Herald" will strive to interest that part of the reading and advertising patronage in the metropolis which now prefers such papers as the "World" and the "American," while the "Sun" will continue to appeal to its present class of readers. Mr. Munsey in his ownership of the "Sun" has wisely followed out the traditions of former days, has kept the human interest, humor, and independence of the paper at its best, and the result must be gratifying to him. The "Sun" and "Evening Sun" were never, we judge, more prosperous, and perhaps never more readable.

The old days when the "Herald" had almost a supremacy in news have long gone by. Modern methods of news gathering are such that no one great New York paper can claim a supremacy. In its earlier days the "Herald" was not without rivals in the task of collecting and distributing news, but it certainly had many notable triumphs of this kind under the elder Bennett. Later, under the younger Bennett, it scored some remarkable feats of journalistic enterprise, such as the discovery of Livingstone and the achievements in Polar exploration. It never was a great leader of opinion; certainly of late years it has made little effort in that direction, and its editorial, apart from its news, character has been lifeless and colorless.

Mr. Munsey is an experienced newspaper manager, as well as an editor and manager of magazines. He now controls the "Sun," the "Evening Sun," the "Herald," the Paris edition of the "Herald" (which is a separate and distinct newspaper), the "Evening Telegram," the Baltimore "News," "Munsey's Magazine," and possibly other periodicals. He takes a live and active interest in public affairs, and bids fair to furnish a contradiction of the statement often made that the day of "one-man" newspapers has gone by.



Harris & Ewing

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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MODEL FOR STATE ONSTITUTIONS

A MODEL State Constitution is being built up by the National Municipal eague. The initial steps were worked t at the annual Convention in Cleve- nd at a "Moot Constitutional Conven- n." Many radical proposals were de- ted. The most radical ones were those epared by a committee of the National ort Ballot Association, embodying a mplete reorganization of the legislature as to "extend logically to State gov- nments the principles of unification of wers and complete control by the rep- sentative body embodied in the city anager plan."

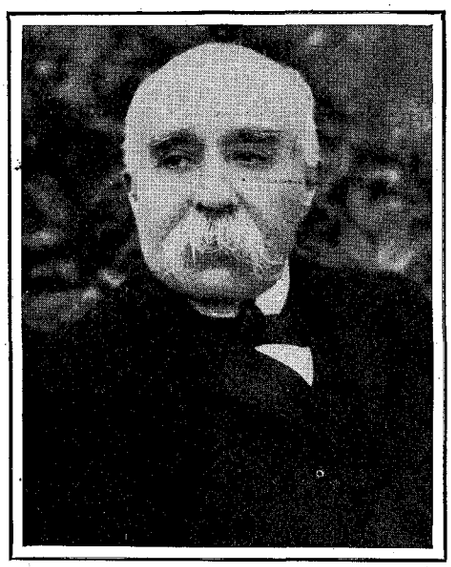
The one-house legislature as proposed uld elect a legislative council of nine embers, which would appoint an admin- rative manager, who would in turn ap- int or remove all department heads d all commissions, and would be re- onsible to the legislative council for e execution of its laws, the administra- n of funds, custody of State property, d the maintenance of public order. He o would be commander-in-chief of the ate's naval and military forces. The airman of the legislative council would the governor. He would be the mem- r who received the largest number of st-choice votes when the council was cted. He would have no veto or ap- intive power. According to the com- ttee the governor "becomes the legis- ive leader, comparable to the British ime Minister, the majority floor leader, e key-man whose position on political estions would be momentous and often cisive." The chief power of the legis- ive council would be to prepare and roduce bills, to instigate investigations, d to supervise and direct the work of e administrative manager.

A more conservative policy, however, s finally agreed upon, the above position being voted down by a sub- ntial majority. A single legislature 74 members) elected by the Hare stem of Proportional Representation, s favored, together with a governor cted by the people with power to ap- int and remove heads of departments, thout the necessity of securing the vice and consent of the legislature. The oot Convention favored proportional presentation; the initiative, referendum, d recall; the unification of the judicial stem of the State, as recommended by e American Judicature Society; the pointment of judges by the governor; al control of the local civil service, with general state examination and audit of unicipal and county government. The unicipal Home Rule provisions of the odel City Charter recommended by the ational Municipal League were unani- mously indorsed. An educational re- quirement for suffrage was favored, and a friendly attitude towards labor in the matter of hours and social insurance was manifested.

Charles E. Hughes was elected presi- dent; Frank A. Vanderlip, treasurer; and Clinton Rogers Woodruff honorary secretary, he having declined re-election as secretary after twenty-five years of service. His successor as secretary has not been chosen.

CLEMENCEAU AND THE PRESIDENCY OF FRANCE

WHEN some men accused him of wanting to be king, Theodore Roosevelt answered the fools ac- cording to their folly by remarking, with the characteristic falsetto break in his



GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

voice that betrayed his amusement: "They don't know kings, and I do. A king is a cross between a perpetual Vice- President and a leader of the Four Hundred."

One might as well be a king as be President of the French Republic. It is well that the world was spared the spec- tacle of Georges Clemenceau trying to fill that rôle. When his political ene- mies the other day prevented his election to that high, ornamental, very necessary, but chiefly symbolic office, they did him as well as France a service. The French have a keen sense of the fitness of things; and they have shown it in revolting at the idea of caging the "Tiger."

In order to understand what the Presi- dent of the French Republic is, an Ameri- can must remove from his mind most of the ideas which he associates with the office of President of the United States. When the American Constitution was formed, the English king exercised much greater powers than he exercises to-day. The American President has inherited much, if not all, of that monarchical power, and has received in addition much, if not most, of the power of the English Prime Minister. Meantime the power of the English king has declined. To-day the King of England is chiefly the human symbol of the British Empire's unity and glory. Now what we have united into one office here in America the French have kept separate. They have created two Presidents. One, the President of the Republic, has much of the function of the English king—not the English king of the eighteenth century, but the English king of to-day. The other, the President of the Council of Ministers (or, as we commonly say, the Premier) has a function very similar to that of the English Prime Minister. It is the Presi- dent of the Council that has the real governing power; it is the President of the Republic that, as it were, simply bears the scepter and wears the crown. For the preservation of our liberties we Ameri- cans trust chiefly to the limitation of four years which is placed upon our mon- archical president's term of stewardship. The French, on the other hand, keep the President of the Council constantly under control, turning him out at will, while allowing the ornamental and symbolic President of the Republic to enjoy his honors for seven years. The President of the Republic dwells apart in the Élysée Palace, makes speeches, presides at cere- monies, and signs documents. The Presi- dent of the Council dwells where he will, and is in the midst of the political con flict, guiding the Government with one hand and with the other defending his own position against those who would turn him out.

It is in this political conflict, giving and taking blows, that Georges Clemen- ceau has always been engaged. Most of the time he has been either in political office, or else, when out of it, hammering those who were in. To place this man where his sole duty would be to represent a republic's version of royalty would seem to be inartistic, and that France cannot very well be.

Not that Georges Clemenceau would not have served very well as a symbol of France, the real France, the France not of the boulevards, but of the conservative, home-loving, thrifty, valiant, rational, contented, alert, philosophical people whom the war discovered to the world; but, we have no doubt, he would never- theless have seemed to himself, to France, and to the world very much out of place.

Indeed, the French came very near doing the inartistic thing out of gratitude for what Clemenceau had achieved on behalf of his country. They brought him

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to the very gate of the Élysée Palace, and told him that that was where they would like to see him spend in dignified ease the remaining days that are to crown his life; but they perhaps wondered at the last minute what the "Tiger" would do to that residence, and they certainly drew back at the thought of what such a residence might do to the "Tiger." So, through their Senators and Deputies, they selected a man whom Royalists and Socialists could agree in choosing. It is a pity that the second thought of the French did not occur to them until after Clemenceau had acquiesced in the proposal and the world had assumed that his unpretentious figure was about to be used as a National decoration, that his penetrating and often mordant personality would be employed in gracing urbane and ceremonial occasions. As a consequence, the Germans are likely to interpret his defeat as an indication that France is losing the spirit that carried her through the war, and the extreme pro-Bolshevist Socialists are already interpreting his defeat as a tribute to the growing power of their anarchistic communism. Of course it is neither. France has not forgotten what Clemenceau did for her, nor is she likely willingly to throw away the fruits of the victory which she could not have won but for his indomitable will.

It was when the fortunes of France had reached their lowest ebb that Clemenceau came into the control of the government. It was not merely that the military power of France and her allies seemed to have reached its limit with little prospect of speedy reinforcement from America, but that the courage of the people was being sapped from within. French resistance to the Germans had been weakened by the work of two types of defeatists. On the one flank there had come attacks from men who were out-and-out materialists. The most sordid of these were engaged in intrigues that finally led to the trial and execution of Bolo Pasha. These people misrepresented the spirit of France, but were nevertheless not without power in affecting her course. On the other flank were defeatists of another type. These were the sentimentalists. They argued that the German people were democratic at heart and that the time had come for France to recognize that the war was not to be won by overcoming them, but rather that peace was to be secured by welcoming the Germans as brothers under a new internationalism. These sentimentalists were not obviously sordid and corrupt. They were therefore the more dangerous. In spite of the experience received at the hands of the Hun, they, like kindred spirits in America, welcomed the thought of peace without victory. Though the sentimentalists, so far as they were sincere, hated the materialists, and the materialists despised the sentimentalists, they were in practice allies in working for defeat.

What added to the confusion was the fact that these two enemies of the cause of liberty and law masqueraded under false names. The sentimentalists were called idealists. The sordid materialists were dignified by the name of realists. As a matter of fact, there was neither realism nor idealism in either group. The idealist is one who holds fast to a great conception. The realist is one who refuses to ignore the facts of life. The sentimentalists were willing to sacrifice an ideal in order to salve their emotions. The materialists ignored the most potent fact of life—the willingness of men to die for an ideal. And yet apparently intelligent men of common sense were in danger of being swept into the defeatist current by imagining that the sentimentalists represented the ideal of the war, and that the materialists were the only ones who saw the hard facts.

It was at this juncture that Clemenceau became the political leader of France. At once he showed himself to be the implacable enemy of sentimentalist and materialist alike. Under his guidance the foul crew that would have sold out France to the Hun was broken up; and also under his guidance the sentimentalists who were preaching anti-patriotic internationalism were gradually reduced to at least temporary impotence. As a consequence Clemenceau incurred the enmity of both groups; but, by the same token, he won the confidence of France. He proved himself both realist and idealist. As realist he dissipated the illusions about the facts of the situation and the character of the beast that France was fighting. As idealist he renewed the faith of France in the cause for which she fought and in ultimate victory.

During the months of strain that preceded the armistice, Clemenceau made his mistakes. He is not of suave disposition. He can use words that stab. He has none of Lincoln's power of conciliation. He can be dogmatic and exasperatingly inconsiderate of sensitive natures. He is not averse to incisive satire which does not become grateful by virtue of its being true. Yet with all his sharpness he won not only admiration and support, but even affection. In his visits to the soldiers at the front, in his terse summons time and time again to the spirit of the French people, in his fearless handling of dangerous political situations, in his whole course, he well earned his title, Father Victory.

What Venizelos, the Greek Premier, said of himself may be said with equal truth of Georges Clemenceau. Speaking extemporaneously to a group in Paris, one of whom was a representative of The Outlook, Venizelos said something like this: "I am an idealist. But I am also a realist. As I understand it, idealism is not opposed to realism, but to materialism." Since the armistice, as before, Clemenceau has proved himself to be an idealist who is big enough to be at the same time a realist. Nobody has ever accused him of sentimentalism, but many have accused him of materialism. Though there is nothing of the sentimentalist about him, no Frenchman has proved more clearly than Clemenceau that he is a lover of his country. And though people who imagine that one has to be a materialist in order to face the facts have accused him of materialism, it is because Clemenceau could face the facts that he proved himself the only kind of idealist that is of any use when ideals are put to the test.

This great Frenchman, veteran of numberless political battles, whose compact, aged body that survived an assassin's attack is matched by an equally compact and vigorous mind, has served the world in serving France. He needs no office to embellish his name. The enmity which the foes of civilization have attached to him is a worthier and more enduring decoration. Some day Americans will realize better than they do now that by his sturdy insistence on keeping ideals attached to facts he served their country as well as his own.

CAN WE TAME THE RUSSIAN WOLF?

WILL the Powers arm Russia against Poland? That may be the effect of the partial removal of the blockade against Bolshevik Russia lately announced. For although munitions are not to go into Russia, there is a tacit recognition of Bolshevik authority involved. Poland, facing on its frontier a Russian army of from one to three millions, as against its own army of a million, is asking almost in vain for arms and equipment. Elihu Root in a recent address on the subject said: "We are like the physician who attempts to heal a mortal disease by a poultice upon the surface, instead of cutting to the seat of the infection and curetting the wound."

If the Allies do not support Poland, there are those in Warsaw who will open the doors of Poland to Germany. Moreover, hovering in the background are the dangers of a new partition of Poland and another world war on new lines.

Of all policies a do-nothing policy is the worst. Only France has ever shown any disposition to deal firmly with the Bolshevik menace to Europe.

There are two ways of looking at the

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removal of the blockade. One is that held by Mr. Hoover, who naturally inclines to send food to every one in need; it is that the blockade has been the great war cry and stimulus of Lenine and Trotsky in raising armies and keeping themselves in power, and therefore that to stop the blockade will take away their greatest prop. The other is tersely expressed in an editorial by the New York "Times." It says:

> The Russian blockade is lifted; Mr. Lloyd George, having failed to kill the wolf, now offers him a juicy bone. For the first time in its history the British Empire has adopted the policy of buying off a dangerous enemy. . . . To be sure, the surrender is veiled by the solemn assurance that we are reopening trade, not with the Bolsheviki, but with the Russian co-operatives, and that our policy toward the Soviet Government remains the same. But nothing can be sent into Russia without coming into the possession of the Soviet Government if that government wants it; whatever the position of the Russian co-operatives, the party which controls the seaports, the railways, the army, the factories, will be able to take and use everything that is sent in.

Despatches from Moscow state that the newspapers of the Russian capital describe the partial lifting by the Allies of the blockade against Russia as a great triumph for the Soviet power and proof that the Soviet Government is established.

We believe, following out the "Times's" simile, that to feed a ravening wolf will not make him a domestic pet. The Bolsheviki have declared their intention to extend their doctrine of proletariat autocracy, now sustained by summary execution of their enemies. If they wish to convince the world of their present good intentions, let them first establish, under Allied supervision, an honestly representative all-Russian National Assembly with free speech and liberty of action within the law.

If that were done, it is quite probable that the Russian co-operative societies might furnish an excellent means for restoring agricultural and industrial prosperity. The societies are said to have some twenty million members, have been long established, and are really co-operative rather than political associations. But as against the bayonets of a minority in the control of the Government, what can such societies avail?

In a recent statement in Paris, General Tasker H. Bliss, our military representative at the Peace Conference, rightly called Poland "the great western bulwark against Bolshevism," and added that Lenine and Trotsky are quite willing to use force to spread their propaganda over Europe. If this represents the view of our Government, why has it not aided Poland? Instead of that, America has consistently turned its back to all proposals for efficient aid in arms and equipment. Poland does not ask us for armies, but for help to equip them and fill their cartridge belts.

Unhappily there seems to be prevailing here, and in Great Britain also, a sort of moral lethargy about the German-Russian danger. Just as the pacifists used to debate academically whether peace was a better thing than war and wonder how any one could dare to suggest preparedness against threats and insults, while all the time a rabid enemy was thundering at the door, so now men of the same type declare that it is unthinkable that America should take any share in the settling of European affairs. But once let the Bolshevik armies cross the Polish frontier, and once let Germany gain economic control of Russia, and Europe's problem is our problem.

THE PROBLEM OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

A CORRESPONDENT writes to inquire whether or not conscientious objectors were treated with "extreme cruelty" in our Federal prisons, and whether it is true that this extreme cruelty of treatment was mitigated only at the direct interposition of President Wilson. We have no means of investigating the charges that conscientious objectors were treated with extreme cruelty. Such charges could be proved or disproved only by a Congressional investigation.

Cruelty is of course never justified, but in many cases what sentimentalists would regard as cruelty may be merely the measure of sternness necessary for just punishment or adequate control.

It must be remembered that there were two kinds of men who classified themselves as conscientious objectors. The first class included those with sincere and consistent religious scruples, whose exemption was properly provided for in the Draft Law. The second class includes those who hid behind religion to protect themselves from personal danger. Even if these men did not find their prisons beds of roses there is no reason for charging that they were treated with extreme cruelty.

The story of one man of this latter type recently came to us from an officer whose record for humane discipline was noteworthy. He told us of a conscientious objector who refused to put on the uniform or perform any kind of labor on the ground that it was against his conscience to obey military orders. One day he broke away from his guard, dashed into an officer's room, seized an automatic pistol and fired point blank at his pursuer. The bullet carried away the upper jaw of the soldier who was attempting his arrest. A second later the conscientious objector was killed by a bayonet thrust through the body. To paraphrase Patrick Henry—If this be "extreme cruelty," make the most of it!

This is the type of conscientious objector who has asked, and in many cases received, the sympathy of sentimentalists in and out of the Government. How the men who fought in the war feel in regard to the coddling of these camouflaged conscientious objectors may be learned by the reading of a resolution adopted by the recent Convention of the American Legion:

> *Whereas*, The War Department . . . has permitted conscientious objectors who had been legally tried and convicted for disobedience of all orders and of treachery, by a court of competent jurisdiction, to be pardoned, restored to duty, and honorably discharged with all back pay and allowances, and a new outfit; and
>
> *Whereas*, The members of the War Department, though manifesting great diligence in punishing the defenders of our country for the slightest infraction of military discipline, yet persist in showing such anxiety for the safety and welfare of conscientious objectors, many of whom were naught but enemies of this country hiding behind the cloak of religion.
>
> *Be it therefore resolved*, That we, the American Legion, in National Convention assembled, do hereby request that Congress shall speedily and thoroughly investigate the release of the aforesaid conscientious objectors, and direct the War Department to recall honorable discharges granted this class of men; and be it further
>
> *Resolved*, That we demand that Congress shall at once enact such laws as may be necessary to prevent ever again enemies of this country hiding behind a religious cloak, to be honored by this country when deserving nothing but disgrace.

Only the other day a wealthy young draft evader, who has been fleeing the law ever since his call to the colors, was cornered in his own home and marched off to await trial. He was ill-advised. He should have claimed that his conscience forbade him to take human life. Under the War Department's rulings, instead of facing prison he would now have been released from confinement, with the full pay and allowances of an honorably discharged soldier. His discharge would have come to him in the same form as that granted to a soldier wounded in the Argonne.

The real problem in regard to the conscientious objectors has not arisen from the comparatively rare cases of undue harshness, but from the favoritism shown to them, which tended to undermine the morale of loyal American troops.

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THE ENFORCEMENT OF PROHIBITION

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT AND THE AVERAGE AMERICAN

NATIONAL prohibition went into effect on midnight of January 16. The striking of that hour found millions of dollars' worth of liquor waiting on American docks for shipment from the country or being rushed in trains from bonded warehouses to the coast. Like Noah's neighbors, the "wets" up to the last apparently did not believe that the flood was coming. Those who build their houses on the sands of "It never happened before, it cannot happen now" have always had a hard time in this world of ours.

National prohibition is here. Under the law for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Constitutional Amendment it is now unlawful to drink anywhere except in one's private dwelling. "The term private dwelling is construed to include the room or rooms used and occupied not transiently but solely as a residence in an apartment house, hotel, club, or boarding-house."

This definition, it will be observed, eliminates the possibility of the establishment of locker systems in clubs, a fact which will do something to mitigate the natural feeling that the rich man has been unduly favored as against his poorer neighbor who has been unable to lay in a stock against a rainy day. Undoubtedly great inequality of opportunity has existed, perhaps unavoidably, but the elimination of the "locker system" will go a long way towards removing ill feeling while the ever-dwindling store of legal possessed liquor remains.

It will be observed that liquor acquir since war-time prohibition went into effe is subject to confiscation. In changi one's residence a permit will be needed transfer the liquor to the new place abode. It is unlawful to manufactu one's own liquor or to buy or sell a fo mula for the making of liquor.

Under this drastic change in our N tional habits, what is the duty of our ci zens? We have seen no clearer stateme of this duty than is contained in the f lowing article which we have receiv from the pen of Dr. Wayne B. Wheel General Counsel of the Anti-Salo League.—THE EDITORS.

LAW AND ORDER

BY WAYNE B. WHEELER, LL.D.

IN these days of mob violence, lynchings, riots, and even more serious disturbances, it is high time that patriots study the relation of law honestly enforced to human welfare and liberty.

Power of the Law

The law, in its silent dignity and power, gives protection to all. The sheriff and the police are different from other men, not in personal power or attainment, but in the larger power given them by the law. You travel through the country with a feeling of security against outlaws, not because there are sheriffs and deputies in every county, but because the protecting power of the law binds the whole Nation to our safety. You walk the streets with no fear of being robbed, not primarily because there is a policeman on the beat, but because of the majesty of the law. These faithful officials who enforce the law are not a band of missionaries sent here to guard you, but they are agents of your own will, and, without the expression of your will in the form of law, they would be powerless to protect either you or themselves. No citizen who understands the meaning and the necessity of the law will ever permit himself to do aught that will weaken or destroy it, for in the preservation of the law his own personal welfare and rights are made secure.

Lord Macaulay's Prophecy

In the middle of the nineteenth century Lord Macaulay, the great English writer and statesman, predicted that the civilization of the United States would be destroyed by lawlessness engendered within her own institutions. The Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals in Georgia recently said:

"If this prophecy is not to be fulfilled, the tide of lawlessness which is sweeping the Nation must be arrested, and the cause of it destroyed. Our laws and Federal Constitution stand like a dike to arrest the tide, but if there is a single break in the dike it will disappear and we will be engulfed in the rushing waters of lawlessness."

For officers or the people to permit laws to be violated is a deadly attack upon the Government. Its contagion spreads from one law to another. It distills its deadly poison into the arteries of our jurisprudence. It palsies the power of honest officials. It assassinates the vital processes of orderly control. It is a prolific source of disease to the whole social order, and jeopardizes the life of the race.

Lesson of the French Revolution

You will find the whole tragic story in Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution." Study anew the underlying causes, the results, and the lesson it teaches us at this hour. Briefly, these were the causes. Rulers whose duty it was to establish good laws and enforce them did not attend to their business. Kings, nobles, and princes turned from public duty to personal pleasure and selfish ease, and often to open vice. Judgment was turned backward; justice stood afar off; truth was fallen in the streets, with what result? The logical consequence of such folly. A city or a nation must reap what it sows. The people, long the victims of misrule, taught that laws were enforced only in accordance with the selfish desire of the controlling class, decided that they also could defy laws. Having been denied the blessing that came from the protecting power of the good laws well enforced, and the wholesome restraint of righteous government, they finally took charge by force. Then came those long dark years of violence and anarchy and wholesale murder. Such an overturning of institutions and property had never been known in the world's history.

Analogy of Liquor Rule

Observe now that in our own count the liquor men for years defied eve law that restricted, controlled, or p hibited their traffic. Couple with this t significant fact that this traffic itself c not exist except at the sacrifice of ma hood. The poison which they dispensed defiance of all law has been the gre instrument of degeneracy coming do through the ages from the dawn of h tory. It was a hundred years ago, at t first international temperance conferen that William Ellery Channing said th by his form, countenance, and every o ward expression of character, a victim drink ought to give solemn, startli warning of "what an awful thing it is f a man, God's rational offspring, to nounce his reason and become a brut Schoolboys walked the streets in Oma Boston, Washington, and Chicago, see liquor dealers openly trampling the la of the land under foot. Many of th boys came to believe that laws were joke; that statutes could be nullified you had a pull, and many more beca the victims of the traffic. You can teach the doctrine of lawlessness in democracy without reaping the harv of mob violence. We are harvesting day in these cities the fruit of the se of degeneracy and anarchy sown by t lawless liquor traffic years ago.

How to Stem the Tide of Lawlessness

There is only one way for this Nati to avert the disaster that was visited Rome, on France, on Russia, on all nati that sowed the seed of anarchy. Ev loyal, Christian patriot, every hundred cent American, must stand for law a order. Every officer of the law who serts his office should be treated like soldier who deserts his country in a w We can have treason in times of pe

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as well as in days of national warfare. Let that individual or officer hang his head in shame who accepts the blessing of orderly government, and then refuses to share its obligations and see to it that good laws are enacted and honestly enforced.

This applies to the prohibition law the same as any other statute. When the Eighteenth Amendment was in legal process, every citizen had a right to oppose it. The wet minority did so effectively for years, but they lost in the only forum where it was proper to decide on the issue. When two-thirds of Congress submitted the question, and when forty-five States ratified National prohibition in the only way provided in the Constitution, the decisive issue on the merits of prohibition was merged in the greater issue of loyalty to the Government. No one denies the opponents of Prohibition to-day the recognized right to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment by legal and orderly process, provided in the Constitution itself.

The Danger of Nullification

But a new situation arises when an association opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment announces that it is backed by a billion-dollar fund to see to it "that the Eighteenth Amendment shall not become operative." A new danger appears on the horizon when a great metropolitan paper like the New York "World" characterizes the acts of Congress in dealing with a recognized evil like the liquor traffic "as an abuse of power," and on Wednesday, December 17, 1919, editorially referred to the decision of the Supreme Court in upholding the War Prohibition Act as follows:

> We shall understand the meaning of this prohibition performance better, however some time hence, when the red-leveling forces who would extinguish all rights of private ownership begin to point to the records thus made, not only for their authority, but for their justification.

Congress acted within its recognized power when it prohibited the beverage liquor traffic. It carried out the fundamental purpose of the Constitution to "promote the general welfare" and the specific provision of the Eighteenth Amendment. The courts of last resort have repeatedly held that the beverage liquor traffic is a "source of crime and misery to society," and that the traffic has no inherent right to exist in a State or the United States. Every liquor dealer for half a century has known the attitude of the courts that those who engage in the liquor traffic do so at their own peril. They took a gambler's chance as to how long the people would permit them to carry on their dangerous trade. It is fundamental to national existence that evils that menace the health, morals, and safety of the people may be prohibited without compensation. If every vice must be bought out before it is stopped, governments organized for the public good will become bankrupt in their effort to carry out the fundamental purpose for which they were organized. Any newspaper that compares the action of the Congress and the courts in suppressing a recognized evil like the liquor traffic to sabotage, and cites it as a precedent for anarchy and Bolshevism, shows its ignorance of those fundamental principles of government which are essential to its perpetuity.

A Challenge to Patriotic Citizenship

The challenge to patriotic citizens to-day is to uphold law and order and those public officers who are trying to maintain it. The citizen who will accept the blessings of a government which alone are secured through the enforcement of law, and then malign public officials and private citizens who uphold the Constitution and advocate the honest enforcement of law, is a slacker in civil life, the same as a man who would run from duty in time of war.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WHICH? BOTH

PESSIMIST: This is the worst of all possible worlds.

Optimist: This is the best of all possible worlds.

Which is right?

Both.

For whether the world is a good world or a bad world depends upon how we take it and the use we make of it.

The world is in the making. And the Pessimist does not like to live in a world that is in the making. He wants to live in a finished world. He likes the old world better than the new; Paris better than New York; and, before this World War, Germany, where he was taken good care of by a fatherly government, better than the United States, where he had to take care of himself and share with others the responsibility of taking care of the country.

The Optimist is a pioneer. He likes to live in a world that is in the making and to help make it. He likes the old world to rest in but the new world to live in. He would rather build a cathedral than worship in one already built, help plan a city than live in a city which others have planned for him, lay out a National Road than drive over the Corniche Road, organize a system of National education for the benefit of all the people than study in a university planned and perfected for the few. He likes to spend a month in traveling on fine roads, through a finished country, where the forests have been cleared, the wild beasts killed or driven away, the farms cultivated, the private and public parks completed, and the lawns perfected by a century of scientific cultivation. But then he wants to get back to his American home and have a hand in clearing the forests, conquering the wild beasts, developing the farms, creating the parks, and making perfect lawns out of a waste of weedy growths.

It is this creative spirit which makes the charm and the delight of motherhood. The mother is a creator. She rejoices in little children, not because they are perfect, but because they are imperfect. She delights to take the unknown being who is laid in her arms and see what she can make of it; she delights to minister to it, teach it, train it, and make out of it a wise, strong, unselfish man or woman.

This world is unfinished and therefore imperfect. Creation, it has been well said, is a process, not a product. The joys of life belong to those who count themselves honored by the fact that God calls on them to help him in the work of finishing his creation. He whose ambition is that of the rich man in the parable, whose desire it is to say to his soul, "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," is in the worst of worlds for his purpose.

Doubtless we can support an existence as John the Baptizer did on locusts and wild honey. But most of us want a more satisfying diet. We pray, Give us this day our daily bread; but God does not give it to us. He gives us a prairie, and we must plow it, harrow it, sow the seed, reap the harvest, grind the wheat into flour, and bake the bread. He begins the work and leaves us to complete it. So it is always. He gives sheep; but we must shear the sheep, card the wool, spin it, weave it, and tailor it if we want a garment. We want shelter. We must convert the trees into lumber and the lumber into houses. So the babe is but a seed-bed; in him are the germs of a reason and a conscience; but the father and mother and teacher must complete the work which God has begun if we want philosophers and heroes.

A Pessimist and an Optimist were once discussing this question. The Pessimist, who was, as most Pessimists are, something of a cynic and egotist, brought, as he thought, the discussion to a triumphant conclusion by saying, "Well! I believe I could have made a better world than this is myself." "True," replied the Optimist; "that is what we are here for. Now let us go out and do it."

"That is what we are here for."

He who believes that and acts on his

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belief will not find it a world ill-suited to his purpose. If one wants a hotel where he can sleep in a luxurious bed, eat luxurious meals, have prompt and good-natured service, and have no work to do but to press a button and tell a call-boy what he wants, he has come into a wrong kind of a world. He will be sure to be a Pessimist and probably will be a grumbler. And if he wants that not only for himself but for the rest of mankind it is still more certain that he will be a Pessimist.

But if he wants a hospital, where he can minister to the sick in body and in mind, where he has plenty to do and little pay and not much honor or gratitude, where he is ministering not ministered unto, and gets his reward in the success which sometimes, not always, attends his ministering, he will find this world of sin and sickness and suffering, not perhaps the best of all possible worlds, but a very good world for his purpose.

Is this an impossible ideal? No! There are every year more medical graduates trying for hospital positions than there are hospital positions to be filled; and when their two years of apprenticeship are ended many of them are eager to get permanent appointments in order to minister without pay to the sick and the suffering. These hospital workers are rarely Pessimists and almost never grumblers.

I once attended a dinner given by a few friends to Dr. Grenfell. It was a boisterous winter night, a small hurricane blowing, and the sleet freezing as it fell on the icy sidewalks. In his informal talk to us Dr. Grenfell said: "Let no man pity me. I am eager to get back to my work. I would much rather practice in Labrador than in London. For in London one always questions whether some other doctor could not do a particular job better than he can do it; but in Labrador there is no other doctor."

General Armstrong devoted his life to the service of the Negro race, and, against great opposition from both whites and blacks, converted a camp of idle Negro refugees into what is probably the best industrial school in the world. He wrote in his diary, where the words were found after his death, "I have never known what self-sacrifice means." Of course not. Self was dead. There was no self to know.

A friend of mine once put in a sentence all that I have been trying to say in this article:

"If one seeks happiness, it flees from him. If he seeks an opportunity to render service, happiness is his companion."

TELL THE TRUTH

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

After reading this article any one is likely to want to know what sort of a man wrote it and how it happened to appear in these pages. The reader may therefore skip this note at first; but we venture to guess that he will read it after he has finished reading what Mr. Rogers has so tersely and so compellingly written. Mr. Rogers, as we can testify, is not a whit less vigorous and racy in his talk than in his writing. He terms his own style "barnyard English."

He has had the advantage of an education such as no university can give.

And he has proved an exceptional student; for a good many men have gone through experiences similar to his without being educated. After a youth spent in contact with hard work he spent several years in logging camps of the Puget Sound district. He was at first "chokerman," and became skilled in "bucking" logs. Then he rose to the position of "bull bucker," woods term for foreman of the crews that fell the timber and then cut it into lengths. At last he became timber foreman and assistant to the superintendent. When he achieved this place of responsibility, a lumber strike was called by the I. W. W. Mr. Rogers had been very much impressed by the arguments of Socialism and had counted himself a Socialist. He had acquired, however, in the meantime some instructive experience when he went for a while into lumbering for himself and found that the rôle of capitalist and manager was not all applause and bouquets. By the time the I. W. W. strike broke out he knew some of the facts of which the I. W. W. agitators were in blessed ignorance. Using these facts as ammunition, he carried on an active campaign, not against the members of the I. W. W. personally, but against their ideas, and he found that the sincere but ignorant radicalism of the lumberjacks was easily demolished by the truth.

About a year ago he started investigating labor conditions in the East.

Recently he found somewhere a copy of The Outlook with a picture of an American workingman on the cover and underneath it the caption "Men Are Square." That struck him as being a compact statement of his own convictions. In that issue he saw the statement of The Outlook's programme for 1920, dealing with the eight great problems that face the American people. Among those problems he found these two: "The problem of Americanizing our entire people, of replacing ignorant radicalism with an intelligent, educated citizenship," and "The problem of industrial unrest, the stabilization of the triangular relationship of capital, labor, and the general public." He saw that on these problems The Outlook would print a series of authoritative articles, discussing each of them from all sides. So he came to us to tell us the truth as he had found it. What follows here is his answer to our request to tell our readers what he told us. —The Editors.

$5 \times 4 = 30$.

Does any school-child past the fifth grade believe this? Certainly not. Why? Simply because the child has learned the multiplication table—a table of truth.

What would we think of persons who should propose a campaign with the object of convincing the educated man that the multiplication table was all wrong? I do not care if they had billions of dollars, they could not get a single educated follower.

You cannot make a man believe a lie when he already knows the truth.

A man, however, who had no knowledge of mathematics, who had never heard of the multiplication table, would believe that five times four equals thirty if a teacher told him so; but he would only believe it so long as he was kept in ignorance of the real multiplication table. When he learned that, all the propaganda in the world could not make him believe anything different.

The present unrest, caused principally by gross misrepresentation of misguided agitators, is abetted by a colossal propaganda of class hatred, malicious, distorted arguments, and industrial statistics that are every bit as preposterous as the figures $5 \times 4 = 30$. In my two years' experience directly in contact with labor from Seattle to New York it has been almost impossible for me to find a single industry or a single industrial community where practically every workman has not been subjected to such wild misrepresentations almost daily; and, on the other hand, I have never heard the surprisingly specious statements made by agitators to workmen contradicted by word of mouth in but one single case. I have heard it charged on all sides that these radical arguments are so obviously false that no sane man would accept them. On the contrary, I wish to say that I have never heard a clever agitator but I was impressed with his magnetic appeals, and wondered how his hearers could escape falling victims to them. It is true that a small part of the present wholesale propaganda does breathe violence; but nine-tenths of it does not. No law can suppress a booklet that calls capitalists merciless profiteers. No law can prohibit men from saying that capital is earning two thousand per cent. And as long as workingmen are led to believe these misleading statements they are going to be discontented. But they will remain discontented only as long as they do not know the whole truth—and not one day longer.

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In Cleveland there is a big steel company that believes in the honesty of labor, and believes in telling its thousands of employees the plain truth about the financial part of its business. Its officers conceived the idea of educating their men before the direct-actionists struck their plant. So the company not only opened its books and showed to the men the profits of the business, but they also established a large club-room in which the employees gathered each week in company with foremen, superintendents, plant statisticians, and owners. The men were told to talk freely and to air their grievances, and they lost no time in doing so. The employers put their cards on the table face up. If the grievances set forth by the men were real, the cause was removed; if fancied, it was thoroughly explained. The result was that in a few months the thousands of employees that belonged to the association were enthusiastic. They believed in their employers.

It did not take long for the big test to come.

During the general steel workers' strike in Canton (about fifty miles from Cleveland) the I. W. W., the W. I. I. U., the Russian Federation, and other direct-action groups sent to this industrial center the cleverest agitators obtainable. At Canton this Cleveland company has a plant, and its employees were subjected to the same appeal to which the other steel workers were subjected. The propagandists, however, found that they could make no headway whatever. The employees were thoroughly familiar with their employers' business, and when they were told that their employers were industrial thieves and making fabulous profits they laughed at the agitators because they knew that the agitators didn't know what they were talking about. After several weeks of concentrated agitation at the plant of the Hydraulic Steel Company at Canton, as well as at other steel works and foundries, a strike was called in September. The strikers conceived a very clever plan to pull out the workers in the Hydraulic plant. One afternoon as the shift changed, a large procession of strikers, headed by a brass band, marched past the works. It was a trying moment for the vice-president of the company, who was present. He knew that if any great number of his workers joined the ranks of the strikers, his theory was shattered, his faith in labor misplaced.

The band came along with streamers flying. Scores in the ranks of the strikers were friends of the men who were either coming off shift or going on the shift at the Hydraulic plant.

The band went by, and not a single man joined the strikers.

Why?

Simply because every man in that plant knew he was getting a square deal and that the agitators were lying. He knew this because his employers had put their cards on the table face up.

Contrast the action of the employees of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company with the lumberjacks in the Northwest two years before.

In 1917 throughout the lumber districts of the Northwest the lumberjacks were almost wholly contented. These raw-boned, red-blooded laborers bounded like rubber balls from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night. The logging operators, driven to distraction by the shortage of labor, were continually bidding against each other to get men away from camps. The consequent increase of wages placed these lumberjacks among the highest-paid laborers in that industry. The I. W. W. leaders of Chicago decided that here was the most favorable spot to call a strike that would shut down an essential war industry. Within a short time I. W. W. scouts overran the entire region from the Cowlitz River to the Canadian line in the Puget Sound district and the entire Panhandle region of North Idaho. They reached every lumberjack in the entire Northwest with the most magnetic arguments he had ever heard, because it was the first time there had been the slightest attempt made to educate him. He was deluged with falsehoods concerning the alleged profits the employers were making from his work. Quite naturally, the dumfounded lumberjack succumbed to the specious arguments. He was convinced that his employer was making out of his labor a net profit ten times the amount of his daily wage. The I. W. W. agitators were doubly effective because they informed the lumberjacks that they would be immediately discharged if the "boss" found out that they belonged to the I. W. W. Therefore all the agitation was done secretly. The bunk-houses were literally filled with I. W. W. literature, yet none was in sight. Mattresses and pillows were jammed full of it. The talking was done in an undertone in the bunk-houses after the evening meal, and in the woods whenever a few of the lumberjacks would get together.

As a foreman in a logging camp in the State of Washington in 1917, I saw with my own eyes the marvelously swift effect of this deadly work. In less than a month's time Washington's happy and contented lumberjacks were turned into an army of unrest. They simply believed the propaganda that was fed to them—and went out on strike.

The lumberjacks believed what they were told by the agitators because they were not told the truth. In my camp I would have sworn that not more than three or four men had radical tendencies, but the day the strike was called there were not half a dozen men in our camp who were not dyed-in-the-wool I. W. W. Every one of them believed that he was being robbed right and left. The I. W. W. organizers had put out a clean-cut argument so convincing that in the mind of the workers there wasn't any question about it—the logging operators were making from $50 to $60 a day out of every man. They were told that the operators were receiving $120 a thousand, when it was a well-known fact, known to every lumberjack, that it did not cost one-tenth that much to put the logs in the pond at the mill. There was a certain amount of truth in this story, for $120 represented the price of No. 1 Douglas fir at retail in the yards of the Atlantic seaboard city. The lumberjacks were made to believe that this was the price received for logs in the pond. As a matter of fact, the average price did not exceed $12.50 to the logger. If the employers had told the men the truth, the men would have known that the agitators lied, and why they lied, and there would have been no strike.

There was practically no difference between the class of men who struck in Washington and the men in Canton who did not strike. The only difference was that the Canton men had been educated and the Washington men had not. The Canton men knew the truth and the Washington men did not. The men that did not know the truth went on strike, and the men who knew the truth stayed on the job and remained the same efficient, loyal workmen that they had always been. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating;" and the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company had proved labor square—ninety-nine per cent of laboring men right at heart; had proved that laboring men knew the truth when they saw it, and that when they did know the truth they were reasonable and just. The employees of the Hydraulic Steel plant convincingly proved one theory—that you cannot make a man believe a lie when he already knows the truth.

I know that the reader is probably remarking: "Why doesn't the workingman go out and find these figures for himself?" I will say this, that the I. W. W. have a sense of psychology. They realize that the only way to educate the worker is to bring the knowledge to him. When they go to the worker, they do not ask him whether he wants facts and figures. They just bring them to him, because they know that by going to his home and meeting him on the job they are not facing the competition of truth.

They have been, and still are, eminently successful because they figure out that the average American citizen is too busy with his own affairs to pay attention either to false stories they circulated or to contradict them.

They guessed right.

At present the United States is suffering from the effect of a veritable avalanche of insidious propaganda. In one place in New York City alone it is possible to obtain for a few cents more than three hundred separate radical books and pamphlets published as propaganda. These books encourage hostility between employer and employee. Most of such pamphlets are placed in the hands of many millions of workingmen, and many are sent through the United States mail.

Why shouldn't they believe it when the troublemakers' arguments are allowed to go unanswered and the men—because of the supine and indifferent American

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public—are permitted to remain in ignorance of the real truth?

The written word, however, is only a part of the far-reaching and organized effort now being made to dynamite our economic structure and bring about industrial chaos. For this propaganda also is being spread by word of mouth through thousands of skillful paid agitators who have wormed their way into the ranks of the loyal organized labor bodies in every section of the country. I have visited the different industrial centers of the East during the past year. The conditions there are no different from what they were in the Northwest. Agitators in all cases, I found, were as thick as Texas steers in a Chicago stockyard, but men telling the truth as scarce as Eskimos in Borneo.

This is the time when the United States must have a propaganda of truth. It needs it now as never before in the country's history. The need is imperative. It is a necessity from Seattle to New York, and from Galveston to the Great Lakes. The only way on practical grounds to combat the radical agitator is through a systematic organized campaign of truth-telling.

The light of truth should be thrown into the coal mines, the railway shops, and, in fact, all places where the relations between capital and labor are being used as a basis for the promotion of radicalism and unrest. Its influence is required in every industrial center, regardless of its size.

I want to add here that all my sympathies are with labor, because I believe in the laboring man. I believe in his rectitude. I believe in his sense of justice. I believe he should be given a fair deal and the compensation to which he is entitled. And I know that when he is dealt with squarely, when he is shown that he is receiving square treatment, he is going to be square right back.

During the years that I worked as a common laborer I had the same ideas about the average big employer that practically all workingmen have. That was because I was not familiar with their actual earnings. In the past year I have investigated the net earnings of a great number of the large corporations, and I have been utterly amazed at the small margin of profit a majority of them realized. I have recently very carefully investigated the profits of three of the largest industries in the country—industries that are at the present time in industrial turmoil, due to the belief, not only among labor but among other classes of American citizens, that the owners are merciless profiteers.

The most important one of these industries made less than seven per cent on their actual money invested, and made less than two per cent on every dollar of its turnover. And yet that same corporation is being maligned from one end of the United States to the other because of a mistaken idea that they are earning anywhere from ten to one hundred times the amount that they actually are receiving *net*. And when I visited the workmen engaged in this industry during the summer I heard the false statements on every hand that the workingmen were receiving only one-tenth of what they were producing net. Not only that, but I have heard American housewives and citizens in all walks of life declare that the owners of this industry were criminal profiteers and should be prosecuted by the Government. Moreover, two other important industries investigated, showing less than a seven per cent profit during the last four years, are held up to the public in the light of legal bandits because of the general belief that these corporations are making fabulous profits, when, as a matter of fact, they are not receiving more than a legitimate return. It is true that there are profiteers, but in the lines of legitimate industry they are not one-tenth as numerous as the general public have been led to believe.

One of the leading employers of the country told me a few days ago that not only were his profits fair, but did not allow reasonable interest. He assured me that his employees were discontented because they believed he was receiving fabulous profits. He wanted to tell them the truth, but did not think the men would believe the truth, because there was such a vast difference between the profit they believed he netted and the amount he did actually net. I told them the following story:

In the placer districts of the West whenever a strike is made every young red-blooded tenderfoot immediately hies himself to the district in search of the elusive metal. There is a large amount of "fool's gold" in most of the Western streams, a pyrites of iron that closely resembles the real article. Every tenderfoot is certain that he has struck gold when he finds pyrites of iron. Yet the tenderfoot never lived that would mistake gold for pyrites. Men have been known to almost lose their minds with delirious joy on discovering a pocket of pyrites. Yet these men at once knew their "fool's gold" was dross the instant real gold was shown them.

When the employer puts out the stark naked truth to his workers, the truth stripped of all camouflage, every worker will know that it is the truth and that the wild stories he has fallen victim to are false. In other words, he will know the gold from dross.

The American people are prone to make a great deal of fuss over Bolshevist propaganda. It is quite true that direct-action propaganda is very dangerous to a community where the populace is not acquainted with actual industrial conditions. We should be ashamed to admit such a condition of affairs. We have prevailed on hundreds of thousands of foreigners to come over to this country. After they landed here we paid absolutely no attention to their education, did not take the trouble to Americanize them, and as a natural consequence we now greatly fear that forces unfriendly to democratic government will educate them. If the people of the United States in all walks of life will shoulder the responsibility of citizenship and extend the helping hand of friendship to the foreigner and take the same pains to get the truth to him as the radicals do to reach him with their misrepresentations, we need have little fear of the Bolshevist bogey. The arguments of Lenine and Trotsky will find as little lodgment in the hearts of laboring men who have been told the truth as water on a duck's back.

BILLY'S HUT

THE FIRST OF FOUR STORIES OF THE "Y" AT WAR

BY KATHERINE MAYO

AUTHOR OF "JUSTICE TO ALL" AND "THE STANDARD BEARERS"

"BILLY'S" was a double hut of standard type. Its one half contained a stage and an auditorium for shows, while its parallel twin held scores of small tables where boys might eat and drink, or sit and smoke and chat, or play a game of cards. Billiard tables filled one end of this second part, writing-tables the other, a long canteen counter occupied half of one side, and a sufficient number of stoves kept the place really warm.

To say that the hut was at any time clean would show an ignorance of what was possible or even desirable there. The boys for whom it existed were not clean. The mud of France, in cakes and smears and bunches, covered them. They worked in mud, they slept in mud, they ate in mud, they traveled in mud, they waded through mud to get to the place. Cleanliness, next to beating the Boche the thing they most immediately longed for, was just the thing that they could by no means have.

Several permanent units, including some hundreds of army bakers, fifteen hundred motor mechanics, a host of headquarters clerks and of military police, presently settled in and around town.

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roops in force, as the Twenty-sixth ivision, made it their temporary home. s the war wore on troops in passage ntinually marched through. An endless rocession of camions, coming and going, den or empty, thundered past the door y day and by night. And in and out of ie moving mass, like beads of quicklver, the despatch riders forever flew.

As for Billy himself, he came from llinois. Late city magistrate and State ssemblyman, he had vainly endeavored o persuade the Army to overlook its age mit and give him a chance to enlist. hen, equally in vain, he had tried for ceptance by the Red Cross; and when t last he came to France—September, 917—it was in the service of the Y. omplete unselfishness; a love and symathy for boys which was both paternal nd maternal; a wide experience with oy life gained as the National head of a ollege Greek letter society; an upight character; a well-balanced, well-tocked, God-fearing mind; a gift of wit nd humor and ready speaking; immense ood nature; unflagging energy and high pirits; a genius for cookery; and a very oticeable avoirdupois—these qualities ormed his almost unique equipment.)ther Y men, quite different in charac-er, won, in fact, an affection as warm as hat which he inspired. But none, it is ife to say, spread wider service or conuered quite so many hearts. For "Billy's ut" during many months was the roadouse of the A. E. F., and Billy's cheer lumined the passage through France.

Now nobody who could control his ovements ever passed Billy's hut without a stop. More than once an entire giment, moving to the front, was halted y its officers and marched through the anteen in squads, to be fed hot coffee, ndwiches, doughnuts, and cakes until ie whole command had been satisfied. nd the crowds as they came, man by an, brought the mud—the slimy, slithy, sticky gray mud—and shed it all ver the place.

They shed it down the counter aisle, hey shed it under the tables and on the hairs; they shed it all over the audiorium, when they packed the evening ow or lounged there during daylight ours to listen to some one playing ragme or playing Debussy or Schubert, as ie case might with equal ease be.

Always some doughboy sat at the piano, lways playing to a crowd, sometimes ith the skill of a distinguished profesonal, sometimes just with the knack of ythm. Always the billiard-balls clicked, ways the stoves glowed, always tobacco noke bloomed through the air, and, exept when some evening show was on whose ccess its noise would disturb, always ie canteen ran full swing. But never, onth in and month out, the round of the ock, would Billy permit that any boy in rance be asked *not to track in mud.*

Billy's canteen contained, of course, the ual supplies of cake, chocolate, tobacco, atches, and all the odds and ends of the st exchange. But Billy's canteen conined, above all things, good and varied homelike food—as much and as varied as he could invent, forage, or by any means provide—dispensed with hearty friendship and kind laughter that were guided by a keen, sympathetic eye. No one ever suspected Billy of a desire to "save a soul" or drive a moral or hand out a tract. Nobody ever heard Billy preach—except once or twice when the boys themselves asked for a Sunday service and Billy had to take the job. Then he did it, and did it well.

But nobody ever saw Billy too tired or too busy to see and provide for the last lad's need of body or mind, nobody ever saw him turn a lad empty away for lack of money to pay for his wants, and nobody ever saw him give, excepting only the recipient. For no woman was ever more sensitive to the sensitive shrinking of a boy's pride. When Billy gave that which might have been paid for, he did it so quietly, camouflaged it so delicately, that the next in the line caught no hint of the act. Nor was it necessary for a boy to speak of his needs and his empty pocket, for Billy, by some divine instinct of love, knew both without being told, and acted, even when sore-hearted resistance met his advance.

Two cages full of canary birds chirped at each end of his counter. Big cups of hot soup, stout and savory, hot coffee, strong and good, hot chocolate, solid sandwiches of various kinds, pies, puddings, and doughnuts, were always on hand, the drinks and larger articles for five cents (twenty-five centimes) apiece. Piccalilli, made in the hut, and a salad of finely chopped cabbage well filled with dressing, tasted like manna to boys fed up with "canned willy," "goldfish," and beans. And when Billy started a course dinner of excellent soup, beefsteak, fried potatoes and two other vegetables, salad, dessert, bread and butter, and coffee or chocolate, for two and a half francs, every soldier for miles around abandoned his mess and, a. w. o. l. if need be, came to Billy's for "chow."

"Billy's Bug-Juice"—a combination of lime juice and fruit syrups—was known all over the A. E. F. when thirsty time set in. Billy's griddle cakes spread comfort like a poultice where they softly fell. And Billy's hand in it all became a sort of trade-mark and surety of worth.

"We'll all have soup," said the spokesman of four hungry camion-drivers, for the first time visiting the hut.

"*Quatre soupes!*" called the server at the counter to the cook behind the scene.

"We don't want no cat soup!" indignantly protested the four, and shot out of the room.

But the roar that followed them rose scarcely less at their folly in suspecting Billy's provender than in joy at the helpless joke.

Without any manner of doubt, by the way, somewhere in France, America, or on the Rhine, those four camion-drivers, if they still live, to this very day are innocently imparting to horrified audiences their personal knowledge of soup served by the Y.

Billy's hut was one of the dirtiest huts in France—because forever and always it was packed with dirty, hungry, needy boys. But Billy's kitchen had an oilclothed floor, and everything in it, including the floor, got scrubbed several times a day, and Billy's pots and pans shone like the sun. For, by hook or by crook, he accumulated twelve French servants. Also the Army gave him ten German prisoners further to supplement his little staff of Y aides. And those people worked.

"Come along into the kitchen," he would say at the end of a cold, wet evening to a shivering lad whose flushed face and too bright eyes told a tale of trouble hovering near; or, "Come along into the kitchen," to a boy with that in his look which bespoke to Billy's instinct the need of a friend. And, once behind the door, in the homely scene of skillets and bowls and spice-boxes, warmth and cleanliness and pleasant smells, Billy would pull a chair before the range, open the oven door, and say:

"There, settle down, son. Put your feet inside and get 'em hot."

The servants and the prisoners would all have gone by then. Y people, knowing the game, and busy on games of their own, would steer away. And Billy, alone with his boy, would mix him a hot eggnog or feed him a plate of some extra dainty set aside for just such a chance, and gently extract the thorn from his soul.

Then he gave advice, gratefully received; gave medicine, thankfully taken; made a promise, faithfully to be kept; or lent money, almost always to be returned, as the case might be. And, in the end, he sent away, or put to bed, a lad with a heart full of peace instead of misery, or with a body tided over a dangerous hour.

Almost every day he asked one or two boys to dine with him in his own little room behind the canteen—only one or two at a time, because, and this was his secret, he wanted them to feel themselves "company," his personal guests, invited not from duty but for his own pleasure, and so to give them a touch of home. Then Billy would exert himself, with jokes and stories and with extra tidbits piled on heaping plates, to make those boys know that to him they were not Serial Numbers 537 and 1003, but his own particular, chosen friends.

"I want to be married," a lad one night confessed. "I suppose it could not be here in the hut? It's the nicest place in France."

Billy turned instantly grave. He asked a question or two. The girl, he happened to know, was right. Finally he began his verdict:

"You can be married in the hut," he said, slowly; "but on one condition only—one which you may not like."

The boy's face fell.

"That condition is," Billy continued, "that you let us give you a real wedding—the whole—regular—full-blown thing."

So they decorated the auditorium hut,

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had music and ushers and a best man, and concluded the ceremony with a wedding breakfast and dancing for all the guests. Billy himself gave away the bride. As he walked up the aisle to the blare of the wedding march, Billy himself was the most radiant of all the party. Invitations included the A. E. F., and, although the function began at eight o'clock in the morning, all the A. E. F. that could get there took part in the entire proceedings with thrills of joy.

But Billy was radiant all of the time as far as the A. E. F. could see. No boy ever got a cold or unaffording word or glance from him, whatever the hour, whatever the press of work, whatever his fatigue. And if he was not fatigued—dog-tired—more often than not that was solely because his spirit eclipsed his earthly part.

He seemed not to know he had a body as long as a lad within his reach remained in want of word or deed. In times of heavy stress he worked through periods, as from Friday to Monday, without sleep and without a bite to eat. If the food of the hut was famous all over France, it was because Billy himself taught the French servants to cook and himself brooded over the pot. Many another Y man on his staff broke under the pace he set. No one could last there who had a single desire beyond the service in hand, who was not ready to spend himself to-day as though to-morrow would never dawn. Up in the morning, while yet the night's exhaustion hung heavy on his limbs, he would be over in the hut kitchen at six o'clock making biscuits and cinnamon buns by rafts, with his own hands, to cheer up his jaded boys with a snack of "something like home." And his constant preoccupation was the discovery of a possible new dish.

Birds of passage his boys often were, for Billy's hut was indeed the road-house of the A. E. F. But sometimes his birds flitted past again—as despatch riders, stopping late to-night for a snatch of hot food, and late to-morrow night, white and drawn of face, coming again to his door. Not a mouthful would they have tasted in the interval. Not a mouthful could they then have got but for Billy's ever-open hand.

They did not say much, those weary, road-worn, hungry lads that swarmed in Billy's hut. But they carried the fame of the Y at Neufchâteau all over France. And they filled its registers, kept as tracers of friend for friend, with tributes of boyish love and gratitude. Some entries expressed the thought of cultivated minds. Some innocently mangled the tongue that served them. But none, perhaps, more truly conveyed the kernel of the thing than did that simple outburst over the signature of a private of Marines:

"What in hell is Billy's other name?"

YOU TALK OF THIS AND THAT

BY HARRY KEMP

You talk of this and that, of that and this:
Have you ever tried, since you've been over here,
Just being a plain American, my friend?

Have you ever lived in one of our little towns,
Worked side by side with fellow-citizens
And shared the ups and downs of life with them?
Have you ever honestly striven to accept
This country of ours that has accepted you?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

Have you ever been upon our Western plains
Waving with untold miles of ripened wheat?
Have you known our mountains and our farms and forests,
Our townships and our populated cities
Or got into the inside of our life
Built up through years of order, progress, law?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

Do you think that what the Pilgrim Fathers sought,
Yes, sought and *found*, was sought and found in vain?
Is Washington a myth and name to you?
Have you ever learned from Franklin's homely wisdom
Or from the large humanity of Lincoln
Or studied in the school of our great men
From whom we draw our widening heritage?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

You talk of this and that, of that and this:
Have you ever tried, since you've been over here,
Just being a plain American, my friend?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

TAKING THE BIG "D" OUT OF DISCIPLINE

BY A REGULAR

HANDLING the commodity of mankind, meeting thousands of individuals, no two of whom were alike, coming into contact with hundreds of traits and characteristics in unexpected places in service in our huge Army, has been an experience I would not willingly give up, for it has been more to me than an education.

Men and animals are alike in some things. If a man can establish a bond of confidence between himself and his horse, for example, there springs up a feeling of comradeship which insures hearty cooperation in all undertakings. When I was put in command of a company, I believed the proper thing to do was to get to know my men, realizing that they would know me—and know me first. I had but one pair of eyes with which to see and one brain to study personalities. Observing and studying me were 250 pairs of eyes and 250 different brains. I did establish the foundation I sought. I always swore by my men, and they always swore by "the old man."

Looking back over the early days of organization of our great Army, I recall a few incidents from the book of human history. One of them stands out particularly, for I was the humble means of righting one wrong and preventing the commission of another. The effect of this on the company—for word of it got around—was better than ten "morale" lectures.

One of the men in my company overstayed a pass early in December. Because of this offense he was denied the privileg of leaving camp for either Christmas o New Year's, for there were more tha enough who never had offended to fil up the quota permitted to be absent a each of the holiday periods. Shortl after New Year's Day I received pathetic letter from a woman, telling m that she had been put out of her hous by her husband's uncle, who had take their money from the bank and refuse to aid her. She wanted her husband t come home on furlough to "take care o her." The husband was Private A, wh had overstayed his pass and been kept i camp through the holidays. I sent fo him, read his wife's letter to him, an reminded him that when he had filled u his allotment papers he had said he wa

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A REMBRANDT PORTRAIT RECENTLY SOLD—MAGDALENA VAN LOO, WIFE OF TITUS, SON OF REMBRANDT

This picture, painted by Rembrandt about 1665, is said to have been owned by the Art Museum of Colmar, Alsace. It was lately bought by Mr. Frank Wood, a banker of Toronto, Canada, for his private collection, from a firm of New York art dealers, for the reported figure of $300,000, a record price for the present season

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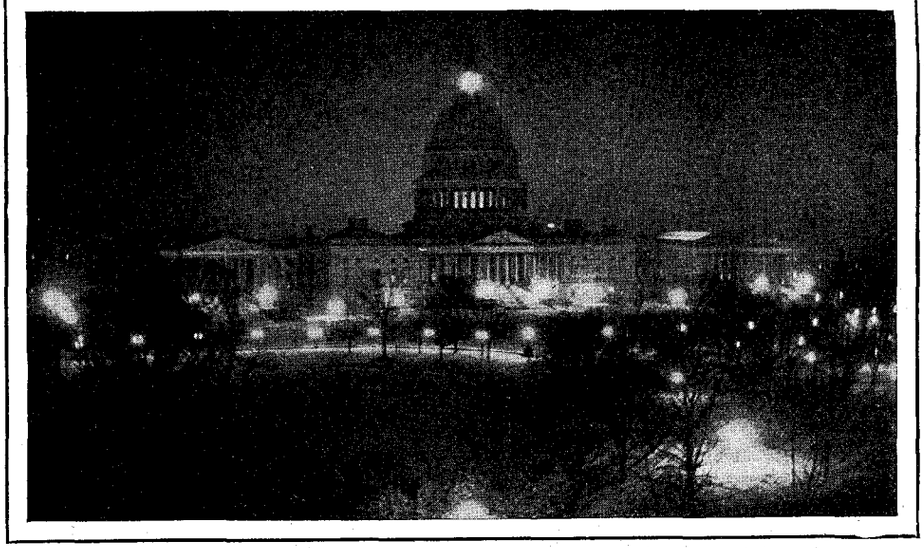
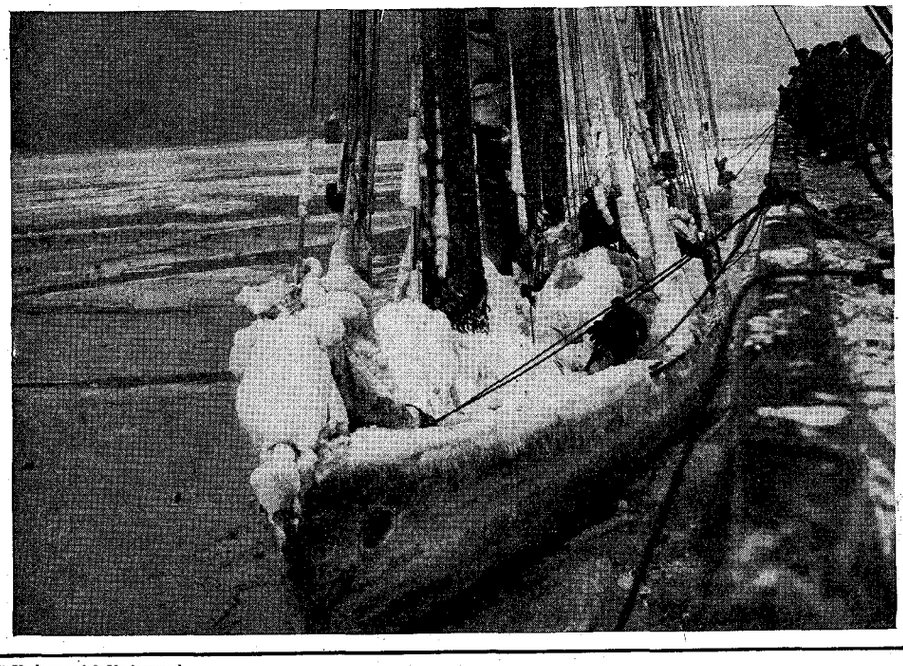


(C) Reid, from Underwood & Underwood

THE NATION'S CAPITOL AS IT APPEARED WHEN 1920 WAS USHERED IN

The majesty and beauty of the Capitol at Washington are rarely more effectively shown in a photograph than in the above picture taken at midnight by a long exposure



(C) Underwood & Underwood

A BOSTON FISHING BOAT AT HER WHARF AFTER A WINTER TRIP

The hardships of the men who make their living by deep-sea fishing are indicated by the appearance of this boat, which has evidently been through a severe experience in her trip to the fishing grounds

Underwood & Underwood

A BOY SCOUTS' WINTER CAMP

The picture, taken at the camp near Warren, Ohio, shows a phase of the Boy Scouts' activities which is peculiarly appealing to the hardier spirits of the organization

WINTER SCENES IN CITY AND COUNTRY—THE NATION'S CAPITAL ILLUMINATED, A FISHING CRAFT'S ICE-BOUND HOME-COMING, THE BOY SCOUTS' OUTING

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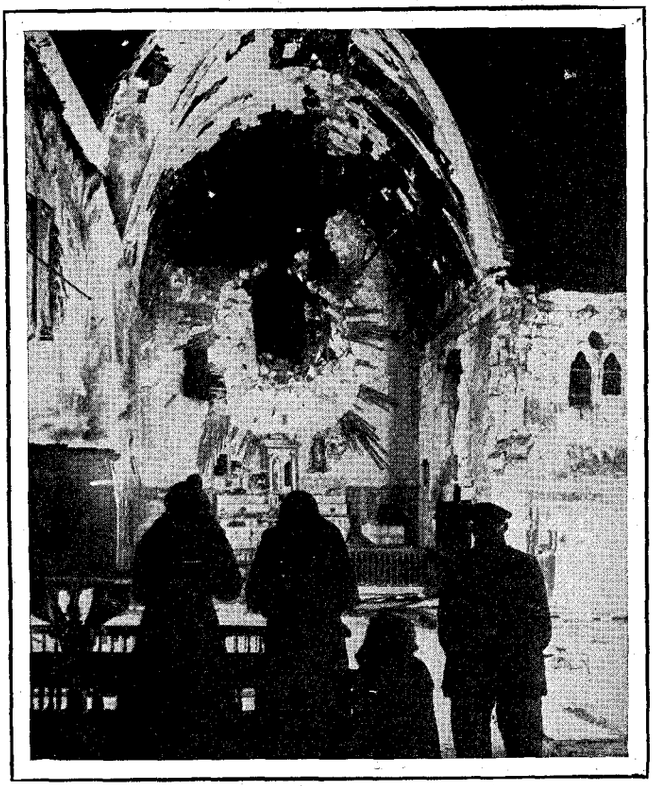

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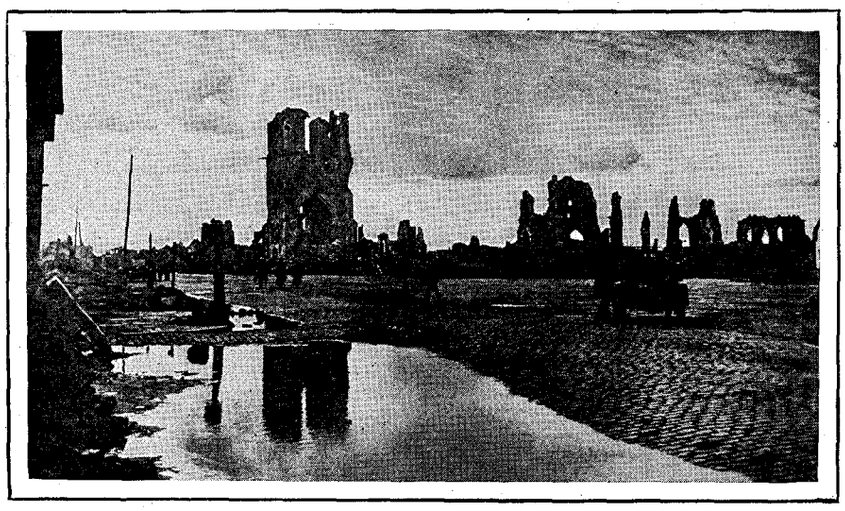
CHRISTMAS MASS IN A RUINED CHURCH NEAR NOYON

The devotion and the persecutions of the early days of Christianity are brought to mind by this picture of worship amid the destruction wrought by irresponsible vandals



Paul Thompson

THE YPRES OF TO-DAY—A MONUMENT OF THE IRREPARABLE RAVAGE OF THE GERMANS

The ruins of the famous Cloth Hall are seen at the left

Central News Photo Service

AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE FAMOUS UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN

The recent reopening of the University, notwithstanding the destruction wrought by the Huns, is a signal illustration of the triumph of intellect over brute force

NOYON, YPRES, LOUVAIN—THREE CITIES THAT SUFFERED FROM THE WAR BUT, WITH AMERICA'S HELP, MAY RISE AGAIN FROM THEIR RUINS

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not married. He said his allotment paper was correct, and that he had married at the time he overstayed his pass. I then asked him to tell me "the whole story." He did. He and the girl whom he had married had entered into a common-law marriage four years before, at which time he had not saved any money, but spent what he earned and never looked to the future. The girl was industrious and had a few dollars. Together they opened a delicatessen store, which she operated, and he worked as a janitor. They began to save, and accumulated enough to make the initial payment on an eighty-acre farm and to purchase sufficient stock and equipment to begin farming. She went to the farm with him, and there performed the irksome tasks of the farmer's wife—that endless round of chores with cows and pigs and chickens and house and wash-tub and cook-stove—while Private A broke up the ground and planted his crop and cultivated it.

"She was a good girl. She never thought about any one but me, and she always worked hard," said Private A in talking about her.

When the Selective Service Act was passed, A and the girl went to a near-by local board and declared they were married in order that A might be exempted from military service, for at heart A then was a coward, and, married or unmarried, his strong desire was to keep out of the Army.

Now enters Uncle "Schemer," who knew the value of A's farm and knew that Private A had a little money in the savings bank. He wanted the farm. So, on Uncle "Schemer's" information, A and the girl were arrested for perjury and placed in jail. While awaiting trial Uncle "Schemer" went to see A.

"A, you are in a bad fix, but I think I can get you out. If you will give me power of attorney for your farm and turn over your money so I can look after your bills, I will see if I can't get you out of here; but if I do, you will have to go in the Army right away."

And A, without thought of or for the partner in his misfortune, executed the power of attorney and turned over his savings to Uncle "Schemer." Soon afterward he was released and reported to camp. The girl was left in jail. She was tried and freed just before her marriage to A in December.

I told A he had defrauded the girl, for he owed the farm and the savings bank account to her. I was convinced that she was the brains of the party and that without her A would never have amounted to anything. I was also convinced that Uncle "Schemer" hoped that, A having signed the power of attorney and turned over his money, some German bullet would perform the kindly office of taking A to a more quiet land, so the Uncle himself might have the farm or its proceeds undisturbed by any claims.

A began to think this way himself, and we went to work. We established the fact that the power of attorney had not been recorded, but that the money had been taken out of the savings bank. Uncle "Schemer" had rented the farm, with a contract to sell it the following March, and had refused to allow A's wife even a five-cent piece. When I finished with the case, the power of attorney had been canceled, the savings account had been turned back to A's wife, who moved back onto the farm, and A had lost that sincere regard for Uncle "Schemer." Instead, he had a hearty loathing for his mercenary relative. In addition A became a good soldier, instead of a slouch.

Another incident. Private B entered my orderly room, the picture of despair, bearing a telegram:

> Ethel very ill; come if you can.
> MABEL.

Mabel was his sister. I asked if Ethel was a sister. "No," he said.

"Is she the girl you are engaged to marry?" I asked. "I was going to marry her," he replied.

I saw there was more behind it, so told him to tell me the story rather than have me ask questions blindly. Here is the story boiled down.

B and Ethel had been sweathearts from childhood. They were to have been married in November, but Ethel's aunts would not consent to the marriage because B was included in the draft. They would not even agree to a continuation of the betrothal because B might not come back, and there was no telling how long she would have to wait to find out whether or not he would survive the war or perish in action. And even if he did come home he might be a cripple.

B had $5,000 or $6,000 in a savings bank and a $150 a month job was waiting for him when he came out of the service. Ethel was an orphan, twenty-two years old, independent because of her ownership of a farm she had inherited from her father. She had money in the bank, and each year added to it because the income from the farm more than supported her.

I told B that I would give him a pass to go home upon the sole condition that he arrange while there to marry Ethel as soon as she was well enough. I told him what I honestly thought: that the aunts were well-meaning idiots; that he and Ethel had had ample time to decide whether or not they wanted to marry. They had made their decision, and he would be a weakling to let any one or anything interfere with their plans. He left my office a wreath of smiles. Four days later he was back to tell me that Ethel was getting well fast and that they would be married in Christmas week. I got him a ten-day pass for his honeymoon.

Sergeant M was one of the most efficient men I ever saw, natty in his dress, courteous in his manner, up and going all the time. His knowledge of and ability to care for details was amazing. One day I observed that he had been drinking, and, knowing that he had not been out of camp, I was sure he had a bottle hidden somewhere.

I called him into the orderly room and had him shut the door. "Sergeant," I said, "give me that whisky bottle."

"What whisky bottle, sir?" he asked, with a look of pained surprise.

"The bottle you have been drinking from all day."

"It's empty, sir."

"I thought it must be; but let's have it."

He reached in his inside pocket and produced a half-pint flask, empty, as he said. "Wrap it up in a newspaper," I directed, "and put it on the table."

He fumbled a great deal, but finally had a package made.

"That's all," I said, and the sergeant saluted and walked out, wishing the earth would swallow him. I had not given him any lecture, and had not told him what I was going to do, for I did not know myself. I wanted time to think.

That night I took the whisky flask out of camp and threw it into a place where it will never be found. Next day I said nothing to the sergeant, who, I believe, passed a sleepless night, for he was worried sorely. The second day I sent for him.

"Sergeant," I said, "do you realize that your appointment as sergeant was made because I recommended you; that before you were appointed I had to put in writing to the Colonel my belief that you were efficient and that I considered you fit for responsibility?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Then, sergeant, don't you see what a position I would be in if I went to the Colonel now and told him that I had made a mistake; that I had thought you could be trusted, but found I was wrong? The Colonel would lose confidence in my ability to judge men. You are a good soldier, but you have made a mistake. Now I am going to help you correct that mistake, and want you to help me correct mine if I did make one in picking you." The sergeant broke down and cried. He asked if I wasn't going to have him tried.

"No," I said. "I threw that bottle away and want to forget the whole thing."

The next morning, before breakfast, Sergeant M was at my quarters to speak to me privately. He looked me squarely in the eye, and said: "Does the Captain know that when he covers up my mistake he is running the risk of a general court martial?"

"Yes," said I, "and I am willing to run that risk for a good man, sergeant."

"I'll swear, sir, I'll never touch another drop as long as I wear this uniform," he more sobbed than said.

He kept his word.

I couldn't prefer charges against him. He would have been convicted. That would have meant reduction from the grade of sergeant to that of private. It probably would have carried confinement at hard labor. He would have come out of the court-house broken in spirit, his self-respect gone, and his confidence in himself lost. It would have ruined a good soldier. The course I took saved him for himself and preserved to the Army the services of a splendid soldier.

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COMMUNITY CIVICS

A PRACTICAL EDUCATIONAL COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

XI—HEATING AND LIGHTING AS PUBLIC UTILITIES[1]

BY THOMAS J. LOVELY

OF THE JAMAICA HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

INTRODUCTION

Gertrude Rhinelander, who lived "up the island," gave a party. All the Rutherfords, Morrises, Livingstons, Stuyvesants, Polhemuses, and Starrs were in attendance.

When the guests arrived, each swain as well as each maiden was provided with a huge apron of checked linen and escorted to the kitchen, where one of the recognized festivities of New Amsterdam was in progress—a candle-dipping frolic.

The burgomasters had passed an ordinance that, "for want of light in the dark times of the moon in the winter season," the burgher living in every seventh house was to put a lighted candle in a lantern and hang it on a pole from one of the upper windows in the front of his dwelling. The families who lived in the six intervening houses were to provide the candles for this public lighting. So the city ordinance was the excuse for the candle-dipping parties; gayety accompanied the making of a city necessity, and street lighting in New York was a matter of public concern in 1750.

At that time there were probably a hundred of these street lights on the fronts of houses, and a little later, when lamp-posts came into vogue, twenty-five or thirty extra lanterns might have been visible along the most traveled roadways.

For the next seventy-five years candle-dipping went merrily on. During this period, however, oil lamps were being introduced and the people were beginning to learn that gas was a better illuminant and was not a dangerous explosive.

How simple was the task of lighting the small city of a century and a half ago compared with the complicated one of to-day!

Suppose that one of the burgomasters, long since gone, could walk among us. Conjecture, for a moment, his astonishment as he surveys our brilliantly lighted buildings and streets. Imagine his bewilderment as an expert from the Bureau of Gas and Electricity attempts to explain to him the nature and cost of our illuminations: "These lights which you see are for the most part electric. It takes 85,000 miles of wire to conduct the electricity from the central generating stations to the lamps throughout the city. The city-owned buildings alone require 200,000 lamps, at a cost of $75,000 annually."

I fancy the burgomaster of that earlier day, with a doubtful shake of his head, would politely intervene: "It doesn't seem possible! It's all so dazzling! But, then, all the conditions of life and occupation are more extensive, more complicated, than they were when big New York was little New Amsterdam. In my day, a tallow dip on every seventh house provided very good light for our streets."

FRANK A. REXFORD.

THE heatless and lightless days of the war period cast a chill and gloom over the United States that will not soon be forgotten. During these days people came to realize that heating and lighting were two essential things without which they could not manage with any degree of comfort. What a convenience it is to be able to press a button and have a room, or even a whole house, flooded with bright electric light! What a pleasurable feeling one entertains when, after traversing a dark roadway, he comes in sight of the streets and houses of a well-lighted town! We would indeed grumble and protest if the streets of our city were poorly lighted and if, when we went visiting after dark, we had to search with lighted match for the name of the street and the number of the house we wished to visit. It sometimes happens that in the outlying sections of the city we have to do this very thing, and then we learn that adequate street lighting is an important factor in the welfare and progress of any town or city.

In addition to the convenience of proper street lighting there are other important reasons why a city street should be well lighted at night. Attractiveness is one, for there is a certain glamour about a "Great White Way" that interests people in a community that tries to look as well by night as by day. Citizens are realizing this fact, and now most cities have their main thoroughfares well lighted. But in its final analysis street lighting is more than a matter of public convenience or æsthetic appearance. More essential than either of these reasons is the necessity of restraining crime. A well-lighted community has much less lawbreaking than one that tries to economize on light. Good street lights are worth dozens of policemen. They act both in a positive and in a negative way. Without lights patrolmen could not guard against burglary, and on illuminated streets thieves and highwaymen seldom dare to ply their trade. When a burglary has been committed, well-lighted streets make it difficult to escape with the booty. Lighted streets protect life by revealing approaching vehicles, at the same time facilitating both vehicular and pedestrian traffic; they are an invaluable aid in fighting a fire at night; they reveal evidence when a crime has been committed.

A good illustration of how a well-lighted street aids in revealing evidence of a crime which has been committed occurred in New York City in 1912—evidence which led to a remarkable series of convictions of police officials by District Attorney Whitman. A gambler was murdered at night in front of a well-known hotel on a principal street of the city. The murderers escaped in an automobile from which the license number had not been removed. Owing to the well-lighted street, a passing citizen was able to take note of the number, and this evidence led to the arrest and conviction of the murderers.

The first city to give attention to street lighting was Paris, when, in 1558, the city authorities arranged to have lanterns hung at the street corners of the more populous sections during the winter months as security against marauders. These lanterns were rude affairs burning pitch or resin, set twenty feet above the street and some sixty feet apart. They did little more, however, than mark the course of the thoroughfares. London remained unlighted as late as the middle of the seventeenth century, but in due course this city followed the example of Paris. By 1725 practically all of the London streets were lighted with lanterns. Everywhere street lighting was regarded as purely a police measure and not as a convenience. But street lighting by lanterns was still far from making night traffic safe. Highwaymen prowled the streets after dark, and when Parliament adjourned after evening sessions it was the custom to send members to their

[1] This article was sent out by The Outlook in circular form to many teachers and schools during the period of interruption in regular publication of The Outlook because of the printers' strike in New York.—THE EDITORS.

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homes under military escort. The care of the lanterns was intrusted to the night constables or watchmen, who, we are told, attended to this function quite as negligently as they performed their regular patrolling duties.

Gas for public lighting first came into use at Manchester about 1800, and was adopted by London, Paris, and other cities within the next two decades. The first American city to use gas as a public illuminant was Baltimore, in 1816. Boston followed her example in 1822 and New York a year later. Some cities had installed street lamps burning kerosene oil, but these were soon displaced, and from about 1835 to 1885 gas was practically the only illuminant used in the city streets of this country, although at first it was extremely hard to convince the populace that gas was safer than candles and oil lamps and was far superior as an illuminating agent. It was in 1880 that the practicability of using electricity for illumination was demonstrated by the installation of an arc-lighting plant at Wabash, Indiana, and in competition with gas electricity was easily triumphant. The electric incandescent lamp had so many advantages over the naked gas flame that it seemed for a time as if the régime of public gas lighting was drawing to a close, when, about 1890, through Dr. von Welsbach's invention of a practical gas mantle which utilized the heating qualities of gas for illumination, it secured a new lease of life. Not only did the Welsbach burner greatly increase the illuminating efficiency of gas, but the inverted gas mantle and the gas arc lamp operated at high pressure soon followed, till gas for a time actually got the upper hand in the public lighting situation. Soon the electricians, recovering from their setback, responded with the inclosed arc, the tungsten, and various allied improvements, and the contest is still going on, with no decisive advantage on either side. Most cities continue to make large use of both gas and electricity for street lighting, but on the main thoroughfares electricity has made the greater headway. This is especially so in New York, where only a small proportion of the city's streets are illuminated by gas.

Whether gas or electricity is from every point of view superior for purposes of public illumination is a question that cannot be answered unqualifiedly. In any comparison of the respective merits of the two methods a great many things have to be taken into consideration, such as cost, efficiency, dependability, and the entire æsthetic aspect of the question. The public lighting problem is not the same in different cities, or even in all streets of the same city. Differences in geographical situation or in local conditions affect the cost of coal transportation or excavation for pipes and wires, of labor, and of many other things that are factors in the cost of lighting. Then, too, considerations of public safety and of public taste must be reckoned with in all cases. Cheap water power, for example, may turn the scale in favor of electric lighting. The question is one that must be answered by each city for itself. Quite likely, indeed, the decision may be in favor of gas for some streets and of electricity for others.

To the man who has not given any thought to the subject the only essentials of good public lighting are that there should be plenty of it and that it should not cost too much. But reflection will show that satisfactory public lighting is a matter that includes consideration of many things—total flow of light, light distribution, constancy of current in the case of electricity or of pressure in the case of gas, design, æsthetic attractiveness, reliability, and cost. The last-named

Paul Thompson

A GAS INSPECTOR TESTING A METER FOR A LEAK

item is the one that always gets the lion's share of public discussion, but it is not by any means the only one of importance.

Adequate street lighting is as much a part of the street plan of a city as domestic lighting is a part of the architect's plan of a house. Whether the city should own and operate its lighting plant or should buy its light from a private corporation is an important point to consider, but it has nothing to do with the question of the general lighting policy of a city. In a number of cities the lighting plants are the property of the municipality, but more commonly they are owned by private companies which the city has authorized to perform the service. This permission is granted in the form of a franchise or contract between the city and the company. A contract differs from a franchise in that a contract is simply an agreement to buy a commodity or a service, while a franchise gives to a company the right to use the city's streets for poles, mains, and wires in the work of supplying private customers. A contract may or may not be made in conjunction with the granting of a franchise. Logically the two go together, for the company that supplies the illuminant for public use is the natural one to serve private customers as well.

With the terms of the public lighting contract the citizen who is a private consumer is not personally concerned; but in those of a lighting franchise he is very directly interested. On the other hand, the city authorities are, or should be, intimately concerned with both matters. Sometimes the city uses its franchise-granting power as a means of securing a favorable contract for public lighting. In the negotiation of a contract for public lighting several points are sure to arise if the contract is to prove satisfactory to the parties concerned. How long should the contract run? Who should supply the lighting equipment—that is to say, the poles, brackets, lamps, globes, mantles, reflectors, etc.? Of what type and quality should each be? Under what conditions should the city be entitled to require changes in lamps or other equipment after the contract term begins? What provisions should be made for insuring that lights be kept up to the proper standard? These and other questions are sure to confront the city authorities whenever a public lighting contract is made or renewed.

In drafting a lighting franchise many questions have to be considered, but there are three which deserve special emphasis. These are the length of the franchise, provisions which deal with maximum rates that may be charged to customers, and those which cover such matters as quality and pressure of illuminant supplied. The existence of a municipal right to take over the company's plant either at the expiration of the franchise term or even at an earlier date is one of the best securities for good behavior that can be placed upon any company having a franchise.

The magnitude of lighting a city like New York, with its twenty-eight hundred miles of streets, its ten square miles of parks, its twenty-seven hundred public buildings, and its score or more of bridges, is tremendous. The work is taken care of by the Bureau of Gas and Electricity, of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, and yearly contracts are made by this Bureau, representing the city, with nine lighting companies, which supply the necessary light, heat, and power. This Bureau, we may say, purchases all steam, gas, and electricity supplied to the city by the public utility companies. The number, location, type, and general characteristics of all street lamps are, from time to time, determined by the Bureau, and maps, surveys, orders, and permits in relation to the installation thereof prepared. Each street

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lamp in the city must be maintained in good order by the company, and the light therein must be kept burning at a standard candle-power for a certain number of hours, according to the terms of the contract. The city buys its light by the candle power. If a lamp is unlighted or becomes extinguished for any reason whatsoever, the patrolman on duty in the vicinity makes a note of it, and a deduction is made in the city's lighting bill by the company. The taxpayers of New York City pay over $4,000,000 annually for lighting their city. Then of course each private consumer of gas or electricity has his private lighting bill to pay, which varies according to the needs and uses to which he puts his illuminant. The public of New York is assured of a certain quality of illuminants supplied, and a maximum price limit beyond which the companies cannot go, by the New York State Public Service Commission, which places limits on public service corporations operating in New York State. A city or town in the State may secure cheaper rates from the company or companies supplying it with an illuminant, but in this the Commission is not interested. It is to this Commission, which has an office in the Hall of Records, that a consumer who believes that he is getting gas not up to the standard of 22 candle power should appeal. The Bureau of Gas and Electricity sees to it that the illuminant supplied to consumers in New York City is of the standard prescribed by the State Commission. It has no standards of its own, but enforces those of the State. In New York City the right to supply private consumers with gas or electricity is given to corporations in the form of a franchise by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

To insure safety from fire due to poor electric wiring the Bureau of Gas and Electricity inspects all electrical work in theaters, churches, department stores, hotels, apartment-houses, factories, and also private houses. All electrical contractors and moving-picture operators are examined and licensed by the Bureau. For the past few years, in an effort to do away with the many dangers and the unsightliness of overhead wires, the city, through the Bureau of Gas and Electricity, has been negotiating with the lighting companies to remove overhead wires, especially in the thickly populated parts of the city, and to install them underground. At an annual cost of $300,000 the elimination of the unsightly and dangerous wooden poles is gradually being effected.

The manifold work of the Bureau is performed by the following five divisions, the name of each telling us its duties: (1) Division of Electrical Inspection, (2) Division of Street Lighting, (3) Division of Light and Power for Public Buildings, (4) Division of Gas Examination, and (5) the Division of Accounts.

Paul Thompson

A WELL-LIGHTED STREET—PARK AVENUE AT 72d STREET, NEW YORK CITY

It is the Division of Electrical Inspection that examines all electrical constructions and appliances in every municipally or privately owned building in the city. It also inspects all overhead and underground distribution lines to determine their safety. Wherever practical, the use of underground ducts is required. Wires that exist illegally are removed by the department. It is this division that examines moving-picture operators, decides on their fitness and issues permits. Only persons holding licenses are allowed to install, alter, or repair electric wiring or appliances for light, heat, or power in any building. A license may be revoked at any time.

The Division of Gas Examination inspects and tests gas and electricity used for lighting, heating, or power purposes; gas and electric meters; the electric wiring of all lights furnished to the city; and the use and transmission of gas. The city charter provides that all gas manufactured or sold in the city shall be tested in reference to illuminating power, pressure, and purity at least once a day. For the purpose of making these tests the division maintains testing stations at various points throughout the city.

The remaining three divisions carry on the work indicated by their titles. In all, the Bureau employs some two hundred and fifty men to carry on its routine work. At the head is the chief engineer with several assistants, chosen for their positions by competitive examinations.

It will be seen by the reader that the topic of heating as a public utility in the above article has been mentioned only in three or four instances, for the reason that, as yet, practically all of the heat in New York City and elsewhere is furnished by the burning of coal, which is classed not as a public utility but as an ordinary commodity. When, however, gas and electricity are used for heating purposes the same considerations apply as when they are used for illuminating purposes. Gas and electricity are furnished by public utility corporations to be used as the consumer wills as long as he pays for them. For this reason gas bills are paid according to the number of cubic feet of gas used and electric bills are paid according to the number of kilowatt hours of electricity consumed. It makes no difference to the companies whether gas or electricity is used for lighting, heating, or any other purpose.

However, the time is perhaps coming when heat will be furnished to consumers by heating corporations and paid for according to the number of heat units used. Whether these heat units will be furnished by gas, electricity, steam, or some agent yet to be developed, is a question that only the future can answer.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

SAMUEL BUTLER, SATIRIST[1]

THE admirers of Samuel Butler's writings may be limited in number, but, like the admirers of George Borrow, they have a deep and chuckling enjoyment in the man as well as in the author. As there is a Borrovian cult, so there is an Erewhonian cult—indeed, for some years, and perhaps the custom still holds, the Erewhonians used to get together annually at a dinner, sometimes with Butler as the guest of honor. "Erewhon" (a rather childish transposition of Nowhere) is held by many critics to be the cleverest bit of satirical fiction since Swift's day. It has its digs at orthodoxy and the social order, but it is in essence a humorous, twisted, ironical exposure of hypocrisy, humbug, and social smugness. Butler scorned and hated these things. The book is thus described by Mr. Jones:

> "Erewhon" at once took its place in the front rank among works of satire and imagination. It describes an undiscovered country where ill health is punished as a crime, and those who commit what we should call crimes are treated in hospitals; it also contains "The Book of the Machines" [automatons which become rulers of men], "The Musical Banks" [in which are figured the deadness and lack of spirituality in a governmental church], and much else that is original and interesting. For instance, there is the trial of a man found guilty of suffering from pulmonary consumption; Butler took the judge's summing up from a newspaper report of a trial of a man found guilty of, if I remember rightly, theft, with scarcely more alteration than the name of the offense.

The only noteworthy piece of fiction besides "Erewhon" and its sequel, "Erewhon Revisited," from Butler's pen was his "The Way of All Flesh," in which he unsparingly used the weaknesses of his own father and mother as well as his personal foibles for literary material. It gave great offense to precisians and the religious literalists.

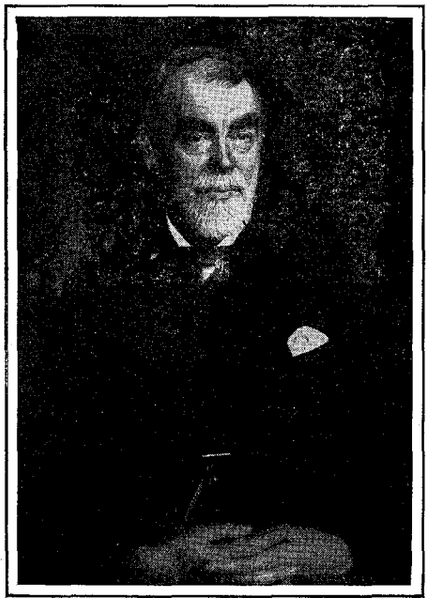
Butler quotes one acquaintance of his who read it as saying that the author "had taken all the tenderest feelings of our nature and, having spread them carefully over the floor, stamped upon them till I [*i. e.*, Butler] had reduced them to an inextinguishable mass of filth and then handed them round for inspection. I do not take this view of the matter, myself."

As a matter of fact, Butler's skepticism was of the old-fashioned type that dealt with things that many respectable people differ quite amicably about nowadays—the miracles, the nature of immortality, the authority of the Church, the literal inspiration of the Bible. He made the startling discovery as a schoolboy that baptized boys were no better than other boys, and concluded that the Church was a fraud! He was pugnacious, loved exaggeration, delighted to shock puritans; he was never happier than in a row, and he certainly had his desire.

Much of Butler's anti-pietistical pugnacity came from the fact that he was brought up in a sanctimonious and illiberal family circle and that his father not only treated him as an enemy of God but was perversely unfair to him in business and money matters. Here is an unhappy picture of father and son:

> He never liked me, nor I him; from my earliest recollections I can call to mind no time when I did not fear him and dislike him; over and over again I have relented towards him and said to myself that he was a good fellow after all; but I had hardly done so when he would go for me in some way or other which soured me again. . . . For years and years I have never passed a day without thinking of him many times over as the man who was sure to be against me, and who would see the bad side rather than the good of everything I said and did. He used to say to his nurse, so my aunt, Mrs. Bather, said: "I'll keep you; you sha'n't leave; I'll keep you on purpose to torment you."

And in another letter he puts the thing in a characteristically Butlerian way in



SAMUEL BUTLER

speaking of his father's failure to hamper him by property dispositions:

> He was robbed of the consolation of knowing that by a few strokes of the pen he could at any moment arrange that on his death I should not have shoes and stockings. Not that he wanted me to go without shoes and stockings; what he wanted was that the power whether or no I was to have shoes or stockings should be vested in himself and not me.

There is evidence that Butler mellowed in regard to religious matters as he grew older. He would say such things as that most people who call themselves Christians are really worshipers of Mrs. Grundy, but he would also say: "I did not mean to poke fun at Christianity. Anything but. . . . I do not, and never did, wish to do so." And after his death a canon of the English Church wrote a letter which we quote at length, because it gives a capital idea of Butler's personality:

> He was too versatile a genius ever to be in the front rank of one particular line, and he had too much fun about him to be really serious when he ought to have been. No one hated shams, when he thought he detected them, more than he did; and he could not restrain his ridicule and biting sarcasm when an opportunity presented itself of using them. At one time he was a musician; at another an artist; at a third he was a theologian—at least he took upon himself to criticise what he imagined was theology. . . .
>
> Samuel Butler, I fancy, lived too much alone. He had no corrective influence. He went his own way, which was a bit eccentric, according to his own sweet will. We must not altogether judge him as we would other men. But, say the best or the worst of him, I am myself satisfied that he was far better than what might be called his creed; and, coupled with unique intellectual powers, there was childlike simplicity and a heart full of the warmest and most constant affection for his friends.

"Versatility" was certainly, in the slang of the day, Samuel Butler's middle name. He was as a young man an explorer and sheep farmer in New Zealand. He was a musical critic and composer, an art critic and a painter. He was a dabbler in scientific questions and quite needlessly started a controversy with Charles Darwin, and got the worst of it. He was a translator of Homer and he spent prodigious efforts to prove that the Odyssey was written by a woman, and that the woman was Nausicaa. He was a writer of verse as well as prose; his "Psalm of Montreal" is a masterpiece of contempt and scorn at the banishing of a fine cast of the "Discobolus" to a Montreal Museum attic; the refrain was "Oh, God! Oh, Montreal!" and when the London "Spectator" reprinted it, Butler impishly wrote that he had never seen such a scandalous poem in a respectable paper. He penned thousands of letters; at one time he wrote, after the fashion of Shakespeare, "Cursed be, not he who moves my bones, but he who prints my letters;" but later he relented and carefully docketed and annotated the letters for his literary executor.

It is not what Butler did, nor what he believed, nor was it the books he wrote, that make these two large volumes of Memoirs so enjoyable. It is the personality of the man—perverse, whimsical, eccentric, he was, above all, a humorist. We like him most as we see him in the "Notes of Samuel Butler" (edited some years ago by Mr. Jones) and in this Memoir as he talks in letters about anything and everything. Here is one bit, taken almost at random. It has appropriateness just now when "spiritism" is exciting so many minds—and, as Butler says somewhere, "Appropriate remarks are made to be appropriated:"

> Granted that wonderful spirit-forms have been seen and touched and then disappeared, and that there has been no delusion, no trickery—well, *I don't care*. I get along quite nicely as I am. I don't want them to meddle with me. I had a very dear friend once, whom I believed to be dying, and so did she. We discussed the question whether she could communicate with me after death. "Promise," I said, and very solemnly, "that if you find there *are* means of visiting me here on earth—that if you *can* send a message to me—*you will never avail yourself of the means, nor let me hear from you when you are once departed.*" Unfortunately she recovered, and never forgave me.

With his intimates Butler was kind-hearted, generous, and trustful. To one scamp he paid about $1,000 a year for twenty years or more for no particular reason except that they had been friends in New Zealand; when the scamp died it turned out that all the while he had a good income, and he left many thousands of pounds of savings—not a penny of which went to Butler. A real friend was a talented,

[1] Samuel Butler: Author of Erewhon (1835–1902). A Memoir. By Henry Festing Jones. Vol. I—To 1885. Vol. II—From 1885 to 1916. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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extremely witty woman whose letters are as well worth reading as Butler's own. Another was Alfred, half valet, half secretary, who kept Butler in order, and put funny little notes in his vest pocket, directing him, for instance, to buy a new hat "or there will be an awful row on his return." One day Butler took Alfred to the British Museum, and they sat together erasing pencil marks that Butler had made on certain correspondence; pretty soon Alfred passed Butler a little note reading: "You cannot rub out half as nice as Alfred can." And this to the terrible heretic and sardonic controversialist! In fact, Butler was intensely human, a lover of fun, and a genial though very self-conscious person.

Samuel Butler was happy to have in Mr. Henry Festing Jones a biographer who has the good qualities of Johnson's Boswell but none of Boswell's fatuousness. In the "Notes" and these Memoirs he has left a lifelike picture of an immensely interesting man, and has added to the world's stock of readable biography.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Great Impersonation (The). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Mr. Oppenheim certainly springs a genuine surprise upon his readers in the outcome of this story. Taking the old but always improbable theme of two persons who resemble each other so closely that no one can distinguish them apart, the author gives us a new variation. Unfortunately, it is often the case that things that are novel and surprising are not very convincing, and that is true here. Like all Mr. Oppenheim's stories, this is exciting and well told. It has the war as a background in that the plot deals with German propaganda and conspiracy in England. More than one well-known person is introduced as a character under a disguised name, notably Prince Lichnowsky.

Lamp in the Desert (The). By Ethel M. Dell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Man Who Understood Women (The), and Other Stories. By Leonard Merrick. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

After reading this group of stories, we are inclined to rank Merrick even higher as a short-story writer than as a novelist. With one or two exceptions, they are models of construction; each with its keen point and definite purpose, each constructed without waste or padding, and each with clever dialogue that deftly develops plot and characters without useless chatter. The title-story and "A Very Good Thing for the Girl" are little masterpieces.

BIOGRAPHY

Adventures in Interviewing. By Isaac F. Marcosson. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

Any reader who wants to break the bad habit of poring over a book till midnight had better let Mr. Marcosson's "Adventures" alone. It is packed with big personalities described in a most entertaining way by a man who has a genius for interviewing and has had rare opportunities for its exercise.

With Lafayette in America. By Octavia Roberts. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

The story of Lafayette's two visits to this country, one in his youth as a soldier, the other in his old age as the grateful Nation's guest, is well told and attractively illustrated in this large book, whose legible type makes it especially available as a gift book for either small people or those with dimming vision.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Russia White or Red. By Oliver M. Sayler. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Mr. Sayler's style has charms which would make this record of six months in Russia under the Bolsheviki readable on that account alone. But it is his ability to express lucidly his sane judgment of the Russian situation which gives his book its real value, which makes it an important contribution to current discussion of Russia. This forceful explanation of why Russia is likely to be either "Red" or "White," either radical or reactionary, ought to be read particularly by those optimists who profess to think it is easy to make Russia a mildly liberal republic, a second United States.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Old Tartar Trails. By A. S. Kent. Illustrated. North-China Daily News and Herald, Ltd., Shanghai.

This book from far-off China is creditable alike to author, printer, and engraver, but could be much improved by production in a first-class American or English plant. The author writes in simple, straightforward fashion of his experiences among the Mongols.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Thy Son Liveth. Messages from a Soldier to His Mother. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

This is a series of letters purporting to have been written from the spirit world by a soldier who died abroad to his mother at home. The first four letters were sent to her by wireless; the rest were dictated to her and written out by her without the intervention of any medium.

In our judgment, the book is not history but fiction. It is anonymous. The writer of the experiences is unknown to the publishers. The manuscript was brought to them by an author whom they do know; they vouch for the author, but her vouching for the writer is ambiguous. It is in these words: "I ask you to regard the book as truth, unaccompanied by proofs of any sort, making its own explanation and appeal."

The introductory pages of the book picturing the relations of the mother and son before the latter goes abroad are written by an experienced author. But they are too artistic. They are not what a mother would have written who had passed through the experiences of the death of a son and his recovery by communications from the spirit world. The book, in our judgment, must be added to those occasional books of fiction which, ever since Ecclesiastes was written by an unknown poet as the autobiography of Solomon, have been attempted by story-tellers who have endeavored to add to the dramatic interest of their fictitious narrative by giving it the semblance of reality.

WAR BOOKS

Father Duffy's Story. By Francis P. Duffy. Appendix by Joyce Kilmer. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

This is easily one of the best books of personal experience that have been written about the war. Humor, pathos, lively characterization and description, fervid patriotism, a genuine but not obtrusive piety—it is the work of one who correctly describes himself as "a very Irish, very Catholic, very American person—but normally, and let alone, I am just plain human."

Story of the Great War (The). By Roland G. Usher, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A one-volume history of the great war has been much desired. This is terse, clear, and well proportioned. It will serve satisfactorily as a ready-reference book and for schools, and will help in reading the more elaborate histories that will later appear.

Remaking of a Mind (The). A Soldier's Thoughts on War and Reconstruction. By Henry de Man, C. de G., M.C. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

What Peace Means. By Henry van Dyke. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

What the War Has Taught Us. By Charles Edward Jefferson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home. By Mildred Aldrich. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Readers of Miss Aldrich's "The Hilltop on the Marne" and its successors will certainly want to see this volume. It finishes the story of the war as it was observed by an American woman who courageously and helpfully maintained her residence on the danger line and thereby was able to see much that few civilians saw and to extend to many American soldiers hospitality and friendship. As in previous volumes, countless little personal touches give the narrative individuality and picturesqueness.

MISCELLANEOUS

Arguments and Speeches of William Maxwell Evarts. Edited by Sherman Evarts. 3 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York.

These volumes should find a place in all public libraries, especially those of the higher institutions of learning, and in many private libraries, especially those of persons interested in the political history of the United States. They will be of peculiar value to all young men who are preparing themselves for the practice of court law or to whom the power of oratory is a desirable acquisition. Mr. Evarts's fame as a political and after-dinner speaker was subordinate to his well-deserved reputation as a lawyer. His analytical mind, his grasp of great principles, his ironical humor, and his keen insight into character made him equally notable as an advocate before the bench and before the jury. His method in jury trial is strikingly illustrated by his speech in the famous trial of Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher, which occupied eight court days in its delivery and, although not published in full, occupies 240 pages. Of legal arguments of National significance may be mentioned the Lemmon Slave Case, the speech in defense of President Andrew Johnson in the impeachment case, the Legal Tender Case, the Alabama Claims Case before the International Tribunal in 1872. We do not think any legal advocate in the history of the American bar has won a greater reputation or exerted a greater influence on the course of national events by his practice as an advocate than William M. Evarts, and his son has rendered a substantial service to future generations by this edition of his father's arguments and speeches. The explanatory notes which accompany the speeches are brief but adequate, and are in excellent taste.

House and Garden's Book of Houses. Edited by Richardson Wright. Condé, Nast & Co., New York.

The man or woman who is planning or preparing, or even hoping, to build a home will find a wealth of suggestion in this book, containing over three hundred illustrations of large and small houses, together with plans and photographs of many architectural and structural details. Mr. Wright, editor of "House and Garden," has the faculty of knowing charm in architecture when he sees it.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY
SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Tell the Truth

CAN you give in three hundred words a fair summary of what Mr. Rogers says in his article on "Tell the Truth"? Try it. What, in your opinion, are the two most significant points made by him? Give reasons for selecting these and reasons for not selecting others.

The Outlook believes in "replacing ignorant radicalism with an intelligent, educated citizenship." Point out very definite ways by which this great object can be effected.

Can you cite instances from your own experience or observation of unrest caused by "gross misrepresentation," and of working people who are now reasonable and just toward their employers because they have come to know the truth about actual business conditions?

Where does Mr. Rogers place responsibility for ignorance in so many of our working people? Is he right? Can you indicate who else are responsible?

If you wish to read a most valuable collection of papers dealing with live political and industrial questions, such as are discussed in this article, get the volume entitled "Modern Industrial Movements," edited by Daniel Bloomfield, published by the H. W. Wilson Company, New York. Another book you ought to read in connection with this article is that by John Spargo, called "The Psychology of Bolshevism," published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Clemenceau and the Presidency of France

In its editorial on this subject, found elsewhere in this issue, The Outlook suggests that there is a vast difference between the Presidency of France and that of the United States. Is this so? If it is, how do you account for it?

Do you think the French method of electing their President more democratic than the American method?

A number of facts about President-elect Deschanel are given to us by The Outlook on page 137. In like manner assemble as many facts as you can about Georges Clemenceau. On the basis of these facts, which of these two men do you consider better qualified to head the great modern republic of France?

How many comparisons can you make between President Wilson and Georges Clemenceau?

What, in your judgment, does the defeat of Clemenceau show?

One of the questions this editorial suggests is, "Can a dominating personality hold a secure place in a democratic government?"

Is there any parallel between the case of Clemenceau and that of Roosevelt? Can you put four other questions suggested by this editorial?

Define *Chamber of Deputies*, *petulance*, *interpellation*, *falsetto*, *mordant personality*, *materialists*, and *sentimentalists*.

The Socialists and the New York Assembly

Does the Outlook believe in the suspension of the Socialists from the New York Assembly? What are its reasons? Do you? What are your reasons?

To what extent have you a right to persuade others to think as you do? Is this right essential to democracy?

If an individual believed in using force to accomplish political and economic ends, how could you make clear to him that such a belief is now considered to be un-American?

In what respects may the act of the New York Legislature prove a benefit to the country?

Can any one be a genuine party Socialist and live up to his oath of public office? Is Socialism necessarily violently revolutionary?

What lessons for public officials do you see in the action of the New York Legislature?

Does all this social, industrial, and political agitation indicate progress or decadence?

The Enforcement of Prohibition

In what ways will prohibition affect the average citizen?

What is the "locker system"? How has it worked out where there has been State-wide prohibition? Can it be defended?

Is it fair to the workingman to have his rich neighbor protected in the possession of his wine cellar?

In what ways has the liquor business been a lawless industry?

Is it the duty of every citizen to see that the Eighteenth Amendment shall become operative?

The Sale of the New York "Herald"

Do you consider The Outlook's characterizations of the New York "Herald," found on another page, fair and just?

For what reasons should the purchase of three of New York's newspapers by a man who already owns two of them be of concern not only to all those engaged in making newspapers but to the public at large as well?

To what extent are the newspapers of this country a credit to the American Nation? In so far as possible, support your opinion by illustrations.

Write out a list of ideals which you consider should be those of a newspaper owner.

If you owned a newspaper or a magazine, would you open its columns to all political parties? Would you allow Anarchists, syndicalists, Bolshevists, and the like, to contribute to it or their speeches to be reported in it?

Define very carefully the following terms: *Traditions*, *editorial*, *periodicals*, *newspapers*, and *journalism*.

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

Intelligent Selfishness

Capitalizing selfishness, which is inherent in all business, so that it *functions constructively*, and becomes "intelligent selfishness," is a matter of vital interest to every American business man. If you will read the book

Intelligent Selfishness A Business Builder

By Montague Ferry

and subscribe to the practical plan it presents, you will not only contribute to the further success of your own business, but you will be doing your part in a necessary reconstruction of American business.

"I heartily endorse the principle of which this book treats."

Ludington Patton

President, Patton Paint Company

NOTE: This book may be had of your bookseller, or direct from the publisher. Price, $1.00, postpaid.

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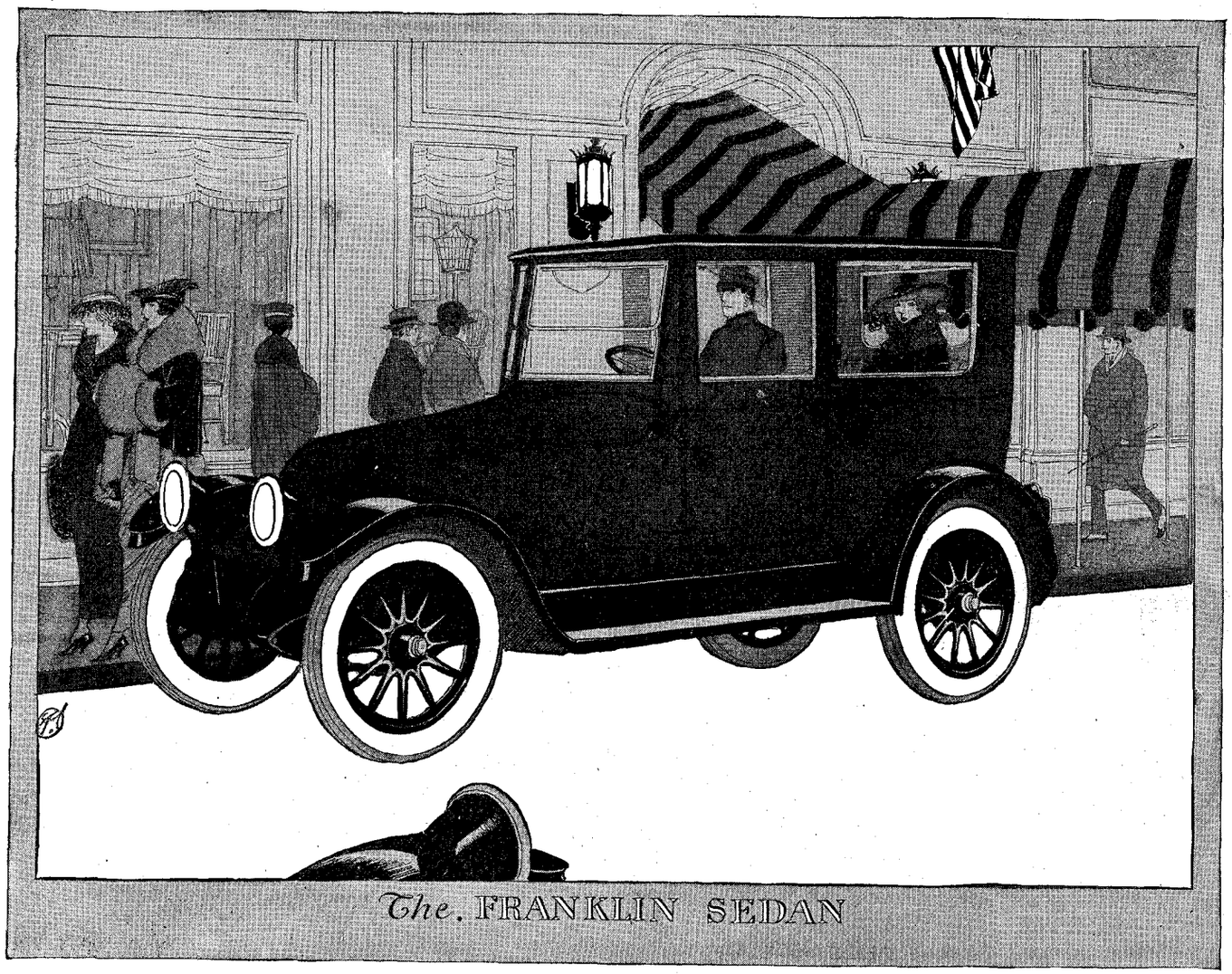

The FRANKLIN SEDAN

FRANKLIN performance is showing more motorists every day that shock absorbers, radiator thermometers and anti-freeze mixtures are motoring crutches which they can throw away when they buy a Franklin Car.

The Franklin Car needs none of these accessories because it is light, flexible and direct air cooled. These principles also make it so safe and easy to handle that it can go farther in a day than the average car with less strain to driver and rider.

They also explain why Franklins rarely carry spare tires. For Franklin owners' records show that with the pound of heavy, rigid weight eliminated, blowouts are almost unknown and punctures average only one in every 4,141 miles.

And the Franklin needs no help to keep its cooling system in order, since it has no water to boil or freeze. It is free from temperature troubles the year round, and can be used unrestrictedly no matter what the season.

Naturally, a car constructed on such simple and thorough-going principles costs less to run and to keep in running condition. Just how much less is a revelation to those unfamiliar with Franklin owners' records:

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

Naturally, too, a car thus independent of special accessories is more practical in every way, and performs with correspondingly greater satisfaction to its owners. Any motorist who has owned both an ordinary car and a Franklin will confirm this.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

INDUSTRIAL RESTFULNESS

BY A BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

Author's Note.—This article does not undertake to set forth the merits or demerits of profit sharing, nor yet discuss that most important phase of profit sharing—labor representation. On that read, for instance, a most interesting article in the January, 1920, "Yale Review," "Industrial Partnership," by John Manning Booker.

GO to your old-paper closet shelf; get down the last months' papers, not yet given to the Salvation Army or the ragman. Glance at their front pages and, though not a betting man, I'll lay you odds of five cigars to a penny that four out of five papers you can find will have something about strikes. "Miners refuse compromise," "Lewis says 14 per cent not enough," "Steel strike will go forward, says somebody or other," "Hedley states men insist on 25 per cent more," "If subway men strike again, five millions of dollars needed and no more revenue in sight."

Or if you live in a little Connecticut town, ask your best-natured leading citizen manufacturer if he was interviewed before his striking employees' demands were blazoned to the world.

Industrial *unrest* will never be cured by an unseeing editor or a premium put on reportorial sleuthing-out of labor's leaders for interviews.

No one to-day doubts certain obviously good things in connection with organized labor. Collective bargaining may be a recent phase, but it has been a growing actuality for years. The employer of labor who tries to deafen his ears with the sound of his factory will find a deepening silence if he thinks that *he* is doing all. You remember the small boy who pumped the organ in the little village church. "That prelude I played this morning made a great impression," said the organist. "Who played it?" asked the small boy. "I did," said the organist. So at that evening's service the small boy stopped pumping at a very important point. The organist called for more wind, and the small boy looked through the door of the loft at the organist and said: "We played that prelude well this morning, didn't we?"

And the organist answered, "*We* did."

"Collective bargaining has come to stay."

"The capitalistic class must swing the pendulum back to the laboring class."

"The laboring class is on a mad junket out-capitalisticking capital."

"It's the medium-salaried man who is hit."

"Capital and labor have all the money."

Oh, you say you've heard these things also? Yes, they're common talk.

And every Erie commuter, just as commuters on the other roads in New York, in Chicago, in Oakland—all have the remedy.

And I am not without a remedy myself for this industrial unrest.

And if you'll read mine, I'll read yours. [Care of The Outlook will reach me—if this reaches you, dear reader.]

Listen: The remedy for industrial unrest is industrial restfulness. Line up the newspaper editors, publishers, and reporters. Get them to front page and headline: "Bill Jones's shop, which never has known a strike;" "Sam Brown's Shoe Store, which has decided to close at 5 P.M. every day and to allow only children's shoes to be sold on Saturdays (to save Willie's mother and Willie from being crushed and to let up a little on already rushed clerks)." Get your local newspaper people to see the wisdom of headlining next Sunday's service with Dr. Blank's sermon on "Charity in Business; or, Love on the Square."

If one local manufacturer has a strike and there are eleven others with satisfied labor and the best of working conditions,

A WONDERFUL RECORD

IN BUSINESS OVER 113 YEARS AND NEVER A STRIKE. COLGATE & CO. CELEBRATE THE BEGINNING OF THEIR 114TH YEAR BY SERVICE DAY

3000 EMPLOYEES CHEER AND SAY THEY ARE SATISFIED

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 1, 1919.

In recognition of extended periods of service, Colgate & Company held a little party at the big plant on Wednesday, October 15th, 1919, and presented 974 of its employees with service emblems like the one shown above.

Four of the men who had been with the company for a half a century or more were given diamond emblems.

Thirty-five were given blue enamel emblems for services of from thirty-five to forty-nine years.

Eighty-seven were given red enamel emblems for twenty to thirty-four years of service.

Eight hundred and forty-eight were given white enamel emblems for services extending over a period of from five to nineteen years.

The same spirit of Colgate service shown within our own organization extends outside to the thousands of our merchant friends with whom we do business.

NOT A CLIPPING FROM A CURRENT NEWSPAPER'S FRONT PAGE

get your local papers to show pictures of the happy conditions; publish interviews secured from the happy workmen in the non-striking factories. Get them to do this, even though they say it should be in paid advertising space. Let *this* be front-page stuff. Tell the editor and publisher and reporter to bury the strike story alongside of the editorials.

It's not in our strikes, but in our papers that we are underlings.

If we can't bury the Reds, let the papers bury the accounts of their doings.

If we can't outcry and outshout the strikes and unrest, let us give publicity to the happy-sunlit-good-wages factory.

And let advertisers follow suit. If a man is advertising his wares truthfully, people buy them. If he advertises his employees' chances truthfully, people will want to work for him.

Substitute for industrial unrest, which is a creeping, sinuous, snaky thing, our industrial restfulness or industrial righteousness—an upstanding, two-legged man creature whose progress is forward, whose motto is faith.

And we should not be led into thinking that mawkish sentiment and cries of profit-sharing and uplift social service will take the place of bona-fide dealings between employer and employee.

Such plans founded on good faith and mutual trust will help to give a basis of understanding—give a basis, *not* insure. Insurance comes with the conscientious effort on both parts.

An employer who starts a profit-sharing scheme with the sole idea, "Now I'll be able to keep the force. Now I'll make it almost impossible for a man to leave me"—such an employer is lost at the start.

So, too, an employee who enters into a profit-sharing scheme, thinking to stick if the profit is big enough, thinking to quit if there's a fluctuation downward—that employee is lost so far as getting the most for himself and his chief is concerned.

Here, then, is my test for a workable profit-sharing plan, call it what you may—as an assistance to industrial restfulness, industrial righteousness, industrial fair play.

Employer's Test. (If he answers yes to this, he passes 100 per cent.)

In establishing a basis of payment for your employees, whether in wages or salary and a bonus or profit share:

(*a*) Is it your intention to make the wages or salary a full, fair return for that form of work or labor well performed?

(*b*) Is it further your intention that a bonus or profit share shall be a recognition over and beyond a just wage compensation, and based on extra effort, extra meritorious service, and an extra resultant business?

And the test for the employee who now talks "fair return," good hours, and the like, sometimes with a grumble—his test follows: If *he* answers yes, he is fit to work for the employer who just appeared before us.

In accepting this job at the wage (or salary) agreed upon do you consider that fair pay, and are you ready to put forth every effort to earn it?

And if your last year's bonus or profit share (the extra reward out of extra profits which came in part from your extra effort) —if that bonus must needs be reduced because of untoward market conditions or strikes in less well managed plants, etc.—if, I say, that profit share is reduced or cut to nothing—will you still feel properly paid for the work you are doing if you continue to receive your agreed-upon wage or salary?

A hard test?

Yes.

But one that will come, must come, to test the good faith of employer and employee. Up to now profit-sharing advocates among the workers have failed to comprehend the give-and-take theory—have not discounted possible lean years. Until and unless they do, any profit-sharing plan will be a myth, a snare, and possibly a delusion.

Two remedies, then, for industrial unrest:

Let press and paid publicity give prominence to the good things in business.

Let good faith become the very park bench, and the only one, for labor and capital to sit on side by side, and in that park one statue only—the naked truth.

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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM—By George Creel

PELMANISM is the biggest thing that has come to the United States in many a year. With a record of 400,000 successes in England, this famous course in mind training has been Americanized at last, and is now operated by Americans in America for American men and women. Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to think; how to use fully the powers of which they are conscious, how to discover and to train the powers of which they have been unconscious. Pelmanism is merely the science of thinking; the science of putting right thought into successful action; the science of that mental team play that is the one true source of efficiency, the one master key that opens all doors to advancement.

I heard first of Pelmanism during a recent visit in London. Its matter filled pages in every paper and magazine and wherever one went there was talk of Pelmanism. "Are you a Pelmanist?" was a common question.

It was T. P. O'Connor who satisfied my curiosity and gave me facts. By 1918 there were 400,000 Pelmanists, figuring in every walk and condition of life. Lords and ladies of high degree, clerks and cooks, members of Parliament, laborers, clergymen and actors, farmers, lawyers, doctors, coal miners, soldiers and sailors, even generals and admirals, were all Pelmanizing and heads of great business houses were actually enrolling their entire staffs in the interest of larger efficiency.

Not a Mere Memory System

THE famous General Sir F. Maurice, describing it as a "system of mind drill based on scientific principles," urged its adoption by the army. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Admiral Lord Beresford indorsed it. In France, Flanders and Italy over 100,000 soldiers of the empire were taking Pelmanism in order to fit themselves for return to civil life, and many members of the American Expeditionary Force were following this example.

Well-known writers like Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Max Pemberton, the Baroness Orczy and E. F. Benson were writing columns in interpretation of Pelmanism. Great editors like Sir William Robertson Nicoll and educators such as Sir James Yoxall were going so far as to suggest its inclusion in the British educational system.

As a matter of fact, the thing had all the force and sweep of a religion. It went deep into life, far down beneath all surface emotions, and bedded its roots in the very centers of individual being. A growing enthusiasm led me to study the plan in detail, and it is out of the deepest conviction that I make these flat statements:

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, develop and strengthen such qualities as will-power, concentration, ambition, self-reliance, judgment and memory.

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, substitute "I will" for "I wish" by curing mind-wandering and wool-gathering.

It is, and I say it advisedly, an important and necessary addition to American education, for it takes fundamental truths out of the back water and brings them back into real life and everyday use.

Pelmanism to-day is the *one* known course in applied psychology, the *one* course that builds mind as a physical instructor builds muscle. There is nothing really new in it. All of its truths are as old as the hills. But it reduces these truths to practical use. It puts them into harness for the doing of the day's work.

It teaches how to develop *personality*, how to build *character*, how to strengthen *individuality*. Instead of training memory alone, or will-power alone, or reasoning power alone, it recognizes the absolute interdependency of these powers and trains them *together*.

GEORGE CREEL

It is not, however, an educational machine for grinding out standardized brains, for it realizes that there are wide differences in the minds and problems of men. It develops *individual* mentality to its highest power.

There is nothing arduous about the course, and it offers no great difficulties, but it does require *application. Pelmanism has got to be worked at.*

There is no "magic" or "mystery" about it. It is not "learned in an evening." Brains are not evolved by miracles. Just as the arms stay weak, or grow flabby, when not used, so does an unexercised mind stay weak or grow flabby.

You can take a pill for a sluggish liver, but all the patent medicines in the world can't help a sluggish mind. Pelmanism is not a "pill" system. It proceeds upon the scientific theory that there is no law in nature that condemns the human mind to permanent limitations. It develops the mental faculties by regular exercise, just as the athlete develops his muscles. It gives the mind a gymnasium to work in; it prescribes the work scientifically and skilled educators superintend the work. The "Little Gray Books" are intellectual dumbbells.

The Science of "Get There"

IT is the science of Get There—getting there quickly, surely, finely! Not for men alone, but for women as well. Women in commercial pursuits have the same problems to overcome as men. Women in the home are operating a business, a highly specialized, complex business, requiring every ounce of judgment, energy, self-reliance and quick decision that it is possible to develop.

I say deliberately, and with the deepest conviction, that Pelmanism *will* do what it promises to do. Followed honestly, it *will* give greater power of self-realization and self-expression in word, thought and action. It *will* stop wool-gathering and mind-wandering. It will develop mind, character, personality, giving ambition, energy, concentration and self-reliance.

There are too many men who are "old at forty;" too many people who complain about their "luck" when they fail; too many people without ambition or who have "lost their nerve;" too many "job cowards" living under the daily fear of being "fired."

Original thinking is almost a lost art. We look at games instead of playing them. The less the mental demand the more popular the play. There is music in restaurants because it is too much trouble to talk intelligently. Life is cut to pieces by deep ruts, with the people in them never looking over the sides. Greater driving force and higher powers of concentration will add to the nation's assets.

There is nothing more true than that success and failure are next-door neighbors. The success of today may be the failure of tomorrow, and the inefficient can rise to efficiency when he *wills* it. No one can mark time in modern life, much less stand still. We *go forward* or *drop back.*

Increased Incomes

TALK of quick and large salary raises suggests quackery, but I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacities from 20 to 200 per cent. With my own ears I heard the testimony of employers to this effect. Why not? Increased efficiency is *worth* more money. Aroused ambition, heightened energies refuse to let a man rest content with "well enough." Business demands ever-increasing efficiency and employers are quick to recognize it and reward it.

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. There's more to it than the making of money. It makes for a richer and more wholesome and more interesting life.

Too many people are mentally *lopsided*, knowing just the one thing or taking interest in only one thing. Of all living creatures they are the most deadly. I have seen eminent scholars who were the dullest of talkers; successful business men who knew nothing of literature, art or music; people of achievement sitting tongue-tied in a crowd while some fool held the floor; masters of industry ignorant of every social value; workers whose lives were drab because they did not know how to put color in them, and I have heard men and women of real intelligence forced to rely on anecdotes to keep up a conversation.

The emphasis of Pelmanism is on a *complete* personality. It does away with lopsided developments. *It points the way to cultural values as well as to material success.* It opens the windows of the mind to the voices of the world; it puts the stored wealth of memory at the service of the tongue; it burns away stupid diffidences by developing self-realization and self-expression; it makes unnecessary the stereotyped in speech and thought and action.

GEORGE CREEL.

NOTE:—As Mr. Creel has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. It has stood the test of twenty years. Its students are in every country in the world. Its benefits are attested by hundreds of thousands of men and women in all walks and conditions of life.

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. There are twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study. Half an hour daily will enable the student to finish in three months.

An ordinary school education is necessary, but of prime importance are sincerity of purpose and willingness to work.

How to Become a Pelmanist

"MIND AND MEMORY" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it. Every reader of this page should send for "Mind and Memory"—*Now.* It is free. Use the coupon or a postcard and send for it now—TO-DAY.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WHAT TO BUY

THE outlook for business at the beginning of this year seems favorable. The demand for goods of all kinds is large and promises to continue for an indefinite time to come. Demands are greater than supplies, and so long as this condition prevails prosperity is assured; also high prices, which apparently restrain few people from placing orders. Many manufacturers have sold their output for a year ahead, there is little unemployment, and indications point to an expansion rather than a contraction of business. Foreign trade of course cannot continue at present levels indefinitely unless the exchange situation is corrected, but there are increasing signs that this will be done. Business on the whole is optimistic. How can it be otherwise when profitable orders keep pouring in in undiminishing volume?

With the general prosperity demands have broadened, and the financial pages of the newspapers and magazines bear daily witness to this fact. Examine the stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange, for instance. Their number has not only been greatly increased, but represents an ever-widening variety of activities.

Questions Every Investor Should Ask Himself

IS my principal secure and is provision duly made to pay it promptly in cash when it matures?

Will my interest coupons always be cashed on the days due?

Is my investment protected against market fluctuations or deterioration in value?

Is my income yield satisfactory?

Every investor who owns first mortgage bonds, safeguarded under the *Straus Plan*, can answer the above questions with an unqualified "Yes!"

The record of these bonds, 38 years of prompt payment of both principal and interest without loss to any investor, is the best indication of their safety. Every security we offer has been purchased outright with our own funds, and surrounded by all the thorough safeguards of the *Straus Plan* before being offered with our recommendation.

Our current investment list describes a wide variety of these sound bonds in $1,000 and $500 denominations netting 6% with 4% Federal Income Tax paid. Write today for

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CLEVELAND National City Bldg. — MILWAUKEE First National Bank Bldg. — LOS ANGELES Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg. — WASHINGTON Nat'l Metropolitan Bank Bldg.

Thirty-eight Years Without Loss to Any Investor

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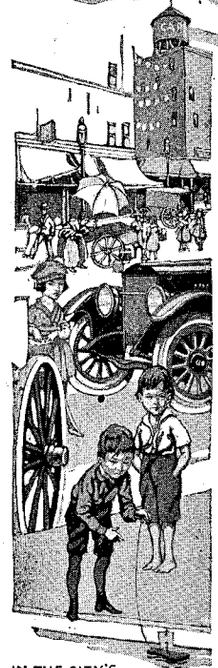
This is in large measure the result of the higher standard of living that has accompanied our greater prosperity, and also because many of the old-time investments are now in disfavor. Railway stocks, which used to be so popular, have been largely supplanted in favor by a host of newcomers. Tobacco, oil, automobile, candy, sugar, motion picture, even perfumery shares have to a large extent usurped the place long held by their older rivals. A man with funds to invest has a wider choice of securities than ever before. At first thought it would seem that his selection was made easier on this account, and yet what often happens is that just because there are more investments from which to choose the choice is all the more difficult. The inexperienced investor particularly is apt to get bewildered.

It may not be amiss, therefore, to mention certain tests which are generally accepted as determining whether or not a security is worthy of consideration. Suppose, then, that you receive a prospectus descriptive of some security that is being offered. It may sound alluring, but it will certainly be worth while to examine it pretty carefully. How much does it promise? The swindler can usually be detected by promising too much, by irrelevant statements regarding other securities, by telling you he is letting you in on the "ground floor," by assurances that the security described is sure to go up soon. He is also apt to dwell at length on the success achieved by companies in similar lines of business, which means nothing of course in so far as his own promotion is concerned. The swindler is apt to fight a bit shy, too, of facts and figures, and facts and figures cannot be replaced by glowing promises. The honest banker, however, sticks to the facts in the circular he sends you. He gives a statement of earnings, and bases his recommendations upon the company's past record, and not upon visionary prospects. He never makes extravagant claims, for one of the most conservative men in the world is an experienced and reliable banker.

You should acquaint yourself with the company which is issuing the stock or bond. Is it sound financially, and has it been in business sufficiently long to prove that it is a sound business enterprise? It is also most important to know how much bonded indebtedness there is, and the amount of preferred and common stocks; to inquire as to volume of earnings, whether ample to take care of interest and provide reasonable dividends. The location of the company's plant is a good thing to know; whether well situated as regards shipping facilities and sources of raw materials.

Who are in charge of the company's affairs? Are the officers capable and trustworthy men? Are the directors figureheads or men who are active and experienced in this kind of business? The company's product, too, is a thing to consider. Is it a staple, something for which there is a steady demand, a demand which is likely to continue? Manifestly a product which is essential to a large number of people is a better proposition than something which is a luxury or for which unusual conditions have created a temporary demand. Remember the "war babies." When the war was on, many stocks seemed exceedingly valuable which are never heard of now.

So it is that the record of earnings over a period of years is one of the best means of establishing the value of a stock. The issuing company should therefore issue a



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THE future of the nation depends on the physical and mental qualities of its people. The citizens of to-morrow are the children of today. In the cities, the greatest need for the development of its children is a chance to play in the open air, to get away from the streets and crowded tenements, and to grow up with the healthy bodies of country children.

The modern park of a great city offers this chance to its citizens. It provides a playground for rich and poor, young and old. It is an oasis in the great expanse of stone and cement of the metropolis.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

statement of earnings and of assets and liabilities. If earnings have been satisfactory for a number of years, the chances are that they will continue so, particularly if they have held up well or shown steady improvement. If there are bonds outstanding, how many times has interest on them been earned, and what is the balance available for the preferred and common stocks? For how many years have dividends been paid, and have they been paid regularly? What have been the amounts paid out in dividends each year since they were first inaugurated? If dividends were passed or reduced at any time, was it because of mismanagement or the result of conditions over which the officers and directors had no control? Examine, too, the amount of cash the company has on hand, and its assets which are quickly convertible into cash. How does this latter figure compare with the obligations which have to be met in the near future?

It all sounds very complicated, no doubt, and like a hopeless task. But most people get money only by hard work, and it seems only reasonable to suppose that they wish to safeguard their savings in every way possible. A careful investigation at the start is worth the trouble, and, while no one's judgment about investments is infallible, it is possible to lessen the chance of loss. In this connection it is also well to remember the old saying that if you guard against losses, the profits will take care of themselves.

How to do this is the question. Undoubtedly the best way is to exercise care in the selection of a banker to execute your orders. If you deal with a firm of honest bankers, you can use their knowledge of and experience with securities to assist you in making your purchases. All of the big investment houses have statistical departments where full and accurate information concerning standard securities is kept strictly up to date and readily available for the use of their clients. A reliable concern will not recommend an investment which in their opinion does not satisfactorily meet the requirements suggested above as necessary. If you have confidence in your banker, therefore, you can well delegate to him the task of finding answers to the questions you should ask about any investment you have in mind. He is an expert in this line, part of his service to you is the securing of information, and if the report he makes is satisfactory, you can accept his judgment as final. A banker's business is to recommend investments, and if you are sure of your banker, he will answer your question, "What to buy."

A syndicate composed of a number of the leading banking houses of the country has recently offered for sale $25,000,000 of one and five year notes of the Kingdom of Belgium. The notes are in denomination of $1,000, and on their face pay interest at 6 per cent. The five-year notes, however, are offered at 95¾ and interest, and the one-year notes at 99 and interest, so that both kinds actually yield the purchaser over 7 per cent. We quote from the circular issued by the banking syndicate:

> These notes are payable by the Belgian Government at maturity, at par, in United States gold coin, in the city of New York. The noteholder, however, has the option, at any time until maturity of the notes respectively, of surrendering his notes and of requesting the fiscal agents, under regulations to be prescribed by them, to sell 11,000 Belgian francs per $1,000

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The Outlook Financial Department
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

note at such rate in the market as may be obtainable, but not less favorable than 11 francs per dollar (*i. e.*, 9.09 cents per franc), approximately the present exchange rate. Upon such sale the note-holder will receive par and accrued interest for his notes and one-half of the profit on exchange (representing the difference between the sale rate and the fixed rate of 11 francs to the dollar), the other half of such profit being retained for account of the Belgian Government. The note-holder is to pay customary commissions for the sale of the Belgian exchange, not to exceed ¼ per cent of the principal amount of the surrendered notes.

This option operates as a call on Belgian exchange during the life of the respective notes, entitling the holder to one-half of the profits arising from the sale of Belgian exchange as above indicated upon any advance from the rate of 11 francs to the dollar.

The following schedule indicates the gross principal amount which the note-holder would realize upon each $1,000 note upon exercising his option at varying rates of exchange:

Exchange at Francs per Dollar	Principal Amount Realized per $1,000 Note [1]
10.00	$1,050.00
9.00	1,111.11
8.00	1,187.50
7.00	1,285.71
6.00	1,416.66
5.18 ½ (par of exchange)	1,561.50

[1] Represents principal amount of note plus one-half of exchange profit.

The proceeds of the loan, it is anticipated, will be used for the payment of commodities purchased in this country, particularly foodstuffs. The 3 per cent Perpetual Bonds of Belgium sold in Brussels during the years 1901–07 at prices to yield not over 3.15 per cent; in the years 1908–12, not over 4 per cent; and at the present time are selling in Brussels on approximately a 4.35 per cent basis.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Will you give me your opinion of the investment value of St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Company Adjustment Mortgage 5% Bonds.

A. There are outstanding about $39,000,000 of these bonds out of a total of $75,000,000 authorized. They are entitled to cumulative interest at 6% from July 1, 1915. Interest is paid only if earned, but accumulations must be paid off at or before maturity. These bonds are secured by a direct lien on the entire property, subject to the prior lien of the Prior Lien 4s and 5s, of which there are outstanding approximately $85,000,000 Series A and $25,000,000 Series B out of $250,000,000 authorized. The railway is doing pretty well. For the first nine months of last year gross operating revenue was about $59,000,000, or nearly $7,000,000 more than the year previous. Net operating income was $10,663,039 or $2,500,000 more than the year before, and $640,432 in excess of the Government's guarantee. The security behind these adjustment bonds is rated as fair, and they are regarded as reasonably good speculations rather than investments.

Q. How can I tell the difference between good and fake oil stocks?

A. You can't, in all probability. Something may be judged from the character of the houses handling the securities and by the financial history and yield of the properties, but it takes an expert to distinguish. Do not be deluded by the fact that oil has appeared on land *near* the exploited property. That means nothing. Practically all oil stocks are decidedly speculative.

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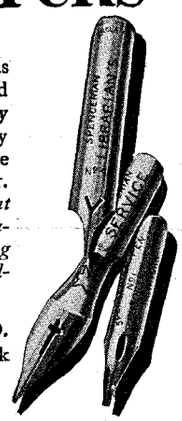

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BY THE WAY

An English hotel-keeper who kept a "visitors' book" was puzzled by one entry. "It was an American wrote it," he said, as reported by an English weekly. "And everybody smiles when they see it, but I can't tell why." "What was it?" asked the reporter. "He wrote only just three words. They were, 'Quoth the raven.'"

The year 1919 established a low record for new railway building in the United States. Only 685 miles were built, according to the "Railway Age"—less than during any other year since the Civil War. Oklahoma led the country with 91 miles of new railway, Texas was second with 86 miles, and California was third with 69 miles.

Current humor from foreign sources:

From "Sondags Nisse," Stockholm, Sweden:

Gentleman in Fur Coat (sarcastically, to beggar)—"You are energetic; this is the second time you have begged from me to-day."

Down-and-Outer—"Yes, sir; the newspapers are urging everybody to be more industrious."

From "Le Pêle-Mêle," of Paris:

Father—"You girls are forever talking about your dresses. Can't you strike a more elevated theme in your conversation?"

Daughter, speaking for the others—"Certainly, papa. We are just ready now to discuss our hats!"

Also from "Pêle-Mêle:"

M. Nouveauriche (criticising the portrait)—"Yes, yes, it's a good picture of my wife, but can't you make it plain that those pearls are real, not imitation?"

From "Tyrihans," of Christiania, Norway:

"I want a pound of butter."

"The best?"

"What was the last I had?"

"The best."

"Give me a pound of the other."

"Tyrihans" also has this joke on the Norwegian doctors:

"On his way to a funeral a guest meets Dr. Pillesen. 'Well, doctor,' says he, 'aren't you going to the funeral? The deceased was one of your patients.' 'Well, if I went to the funerals of all my patients I should soon have nothing else to do.'"

From the "Passing Show," of London:

Watchman O'Connor (in front of an open shop door)—"'Ullo! Anybody in there?"

Voice from Inside—"No."

Watchman O'Connor—"Whoi, that's queer! Oi could have sworn Oi saw some crathur slip in!"

From "Answers," of London:

Tommy—"Isn't 'wholesome' a funny word, father?"

Father—"What's funny about it?"

Tommy—"Why, take away the whole of it and you have some left."

Woolwich Arsenal, Great Britain's huge war material plant, is to be developed for the manufacture of locomotives and cars, according to a statement by Mr. Lloyd George. This will provide work for much of the highly skilled force employed during the war.

"Ludendorff," said Representative Shouse, "is telling the world the reason why he lost the war. Ludendorff's excuses remind me of the Irishman. An Irishman and a Yankee rowed a race one day. The

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Yankee was so easily the Irishman's superior that every little while he'd stop rowing and wait for Mike to catch up. Well, Mike was beaten, of course, but he said afterwards: "Faith, Oi'd have bested the bhoy aisy if Oi'd shtopped an' took the long rests he did.'"

A New York City paper is trying to win readers and circulation by giving $100 for a limerick every day. Here is a sample prize-winner, the award being made for producing the last line only, as a rhyme for the others, previously published:

I winked at a lady named Rhoda,
Who worked in a soda pagoda;
And what do you think
That she gave me to drink?
Cologne, with the prefix of "Eau de."

Robert Louis Stevenson made a floating home for a time in the little power schooner Casco, during his sojourn in the South Seas. This small boat now lies at the bottom of Bering Straits, according to an article in "Popular Mechanics." Its last voyage was undertaken to carry a party to the gold fields of Siberia. It was crushed in the ice near King Island, the crew escaping. Thus another famous yacht passes into history. The Spray, which voyaged with a single sailor around the world, is supposed to rest at the bottom of the Caribbean Sea, and the Snark, which carried Jack London on a memorable voyage, is said to have been broken up.

Beavers, according to a contributor to "Good Health," are strict vegetarians, not consuming fish or flesh of any kind. They keep a food supply of limbs always within a few feet of their house, and when mealtime arrives they cut off a piece of limb with their incisors and enjoy a good meal of tender bark. They use their tails to give a danger signal by slapping the water with a loud report, but not, in the view of the writer quoted, as a trowel in chinking the openings of their houses or dams, though this is a traditional belief. In the past ten years beavers have multiplied rapidly in the Adirondacks, from a colony that was imported from the West.

Under the head "Fashion's Freakiness" the London correspondent of "American Art News" calls attention to the passing vogue of the portrait of the "pretty lady," which he believes is to be replaced by that of the child portrait, of which Romney's "Beckford Children" is a prominent example in recent sales. Then, he says, the fine masculine portrait may once more come into its own, though for a long time the "pretty lady" has completely distanced it in the great auction sales of pictures.

A preposition, says Ted Robinson in the Cleveland "Plain Dealer," according to the purists, should not be used at the end of a sentence. "But," he goes on, humorously satirizing the rule by violations of it, "I cannot see what such a rule was made for. It is a poor one to go by. Hard and fast laws, unless they are those of actual grammar, cannot always be adhered to. Often, indeed, they are better departed from."

A Montana reader informs us that about two miles below the city of Great Falls, Montana, is a spring that is twice the size of the Wakulla Spring in Florida, recently described in this column. The Montana spring, called the Giant Spring, is on the edge of the Missouri River, and its flow, as given in a report of the U. S. Geological Survey, amounts to over 286,000 gallons a minute.

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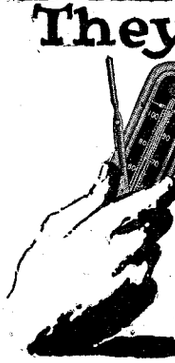

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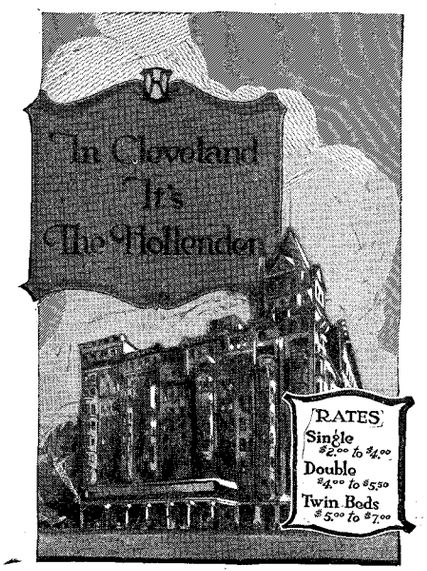

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THE OUTLOOK. February 4, 1920. Volume 124, Number 5. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $4.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879

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